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THOSE COLLEGE WRITING COURSES

By Edith Mirrielees

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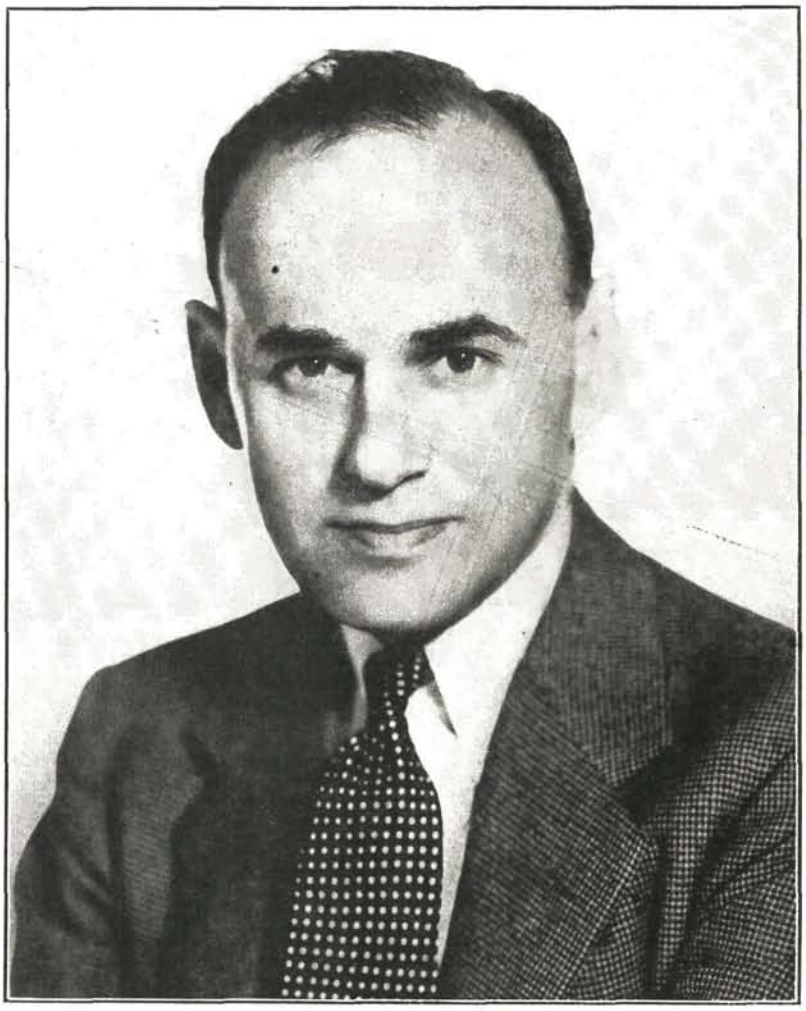

GILBERT SELDES

"Unless the middle class people can wake up and take their own part, there is danger that they may find themselves squeezed out" . . .

(See page 5)

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Those College Writing Courses

BY EDITH MIRRIELEES

CATCH an undergraduate on the street and ask him, "What do you write?" and the answer will be "Nothing." Hypnotize him and put the same question, and he takes his normal place along with the rest of adult America. At least three undergraduates out of ten — probably more — cherish writing ambitions. Two out of the three do something about those ambitions while they are still in college. Sometimes they write secretly, thrusting the product into the hands of some favorite instructor for equally secret praise. Oftener they enroll for courses, that art and academic credit may go hand in hand.

Until recently, it has been the custom to sneer a little at this thrifty combination and to sneer still more over the rarity of a student writer's reaching print. Professors of French, no one of whose students can stammer through a sentence or understand one from a live, speaking Frenchman, professors of Public Administration whose graduates are selling insurance, are outspoken in their amazement at the lack of published output from students in writing courses. Beyond college walls, the "why" is even more insistent, for the writing course first found its way into colleges on a trade-school basis and carries still something of its trade-school reputation. And where it did not come in on that basis, it came in on a dilettante one instead. Two or three decades ago—say, in 1910—the instructor who was not regaling his students with anecdotes of the cent-a-word market and his own adventures there was likely to be engaging them in a sentence by sentence analysis of "The Necklace" and reminding them that Jane Austen wrote "Pride and Prejudice" at twenty-one. "See this picture of Chartres Cathedral? Now go build a woodshed like it."

Leaf over a dozen college catalogues for the year 1900, and you will find elementary composition, now and then a course in argumentation. Nothing else. Leaf over a dozen for 1937. Verse writing, short story writing, novel writing, play writing, one-act play writing, radio script writing, scenario writing—all are there.

FOUR MAJOR EPIDEMICS OF INFLUENCE:
O. Henry, Joseph Conrad, Katherine Mansfield, Ernest Hemingway.

The bay-tree growth of them is equalled only by that of teaching methods courses, pedagogy in 1900, education in 1937. Courses in pedagogy, however, have, in general, been helped from the outside, pinned on by legislators, so to speak. With writing courses, undergraduate insistence more than any other thing has wrung them from none too eager faculties.

The causes for this undergraduate appetite go deep into present academic practice, relate themselves to the scientific spirit and to the resultant presentation of the humanities (literature in especial) on a name-date-influence basis. Unluckily, though, the same scientific spirit has not been applied to a study of the writing classes themselves. If it had been—if, for example, somebody in 1910 had been farsighted enough to hire a warehouse and preserve in it the stories, plays, poems, outlines for novels produced in any one large college—there would be on hand by now material for such a history, social and literary, of the United States as has yet to be written.

The whole of that history would rival the "Decline and Fall" in bulk. Inside the length of an *SRL* paper no more can be treated than one subdivision of one chapter, the one concerned with the undergraduate short story writer. This subdivision, though, has an especial interest of its own. More students experiment with short stories than with any other form except verse. And in recent years at least, the experimenters have found themselves on an exceptionally darkling plain, swept by even more than the normal number of confused alarms. Inside the college, there has been the conflict already referred to between the two kinds of instructors. Outside, opposing forces have been no less active —on the one hand, forces fairly represented by the *Saturday Evening Post;* on the other, by Edward O'Brien. These two have been powers for years in the shaping of student ambitions, but towards whichever one the beginner turns, he finds his path beset by pitfalls. If he turn towards the *Post,* his early stories are likely to be constructed brick by brick, incident set upon incident, often with scanty mortar between. If he ally himself with the Little Magazines, he passes, lacking some special saving grace, into the ranks of the look-by-look writers. "John opened the door. He walked into the room. He turned and closed the door." The Little Magazine's demand, "Write what you see," has wrought probably as much havoc in college classes as has Poe's "single effect" or the legend of what figures stand written on Booth Tarkington's checks.

Which path a would-be writer is to choose is determined oftenest by his instructor. What an instructor demands he gets from any college group. There exist teachers of writing whose passage from one college to another is marked by

Next Week

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS
By STUART CHASE
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE
By REX WARNER
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

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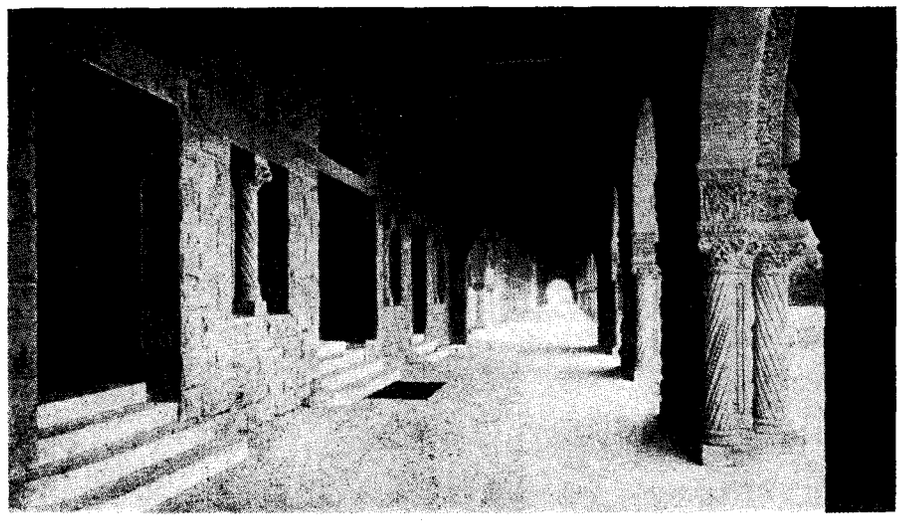
changes in the college magazine as clearly as if by a red line on the map. When, however, an instructor chances to be a teacher, not a propagandist, and so leaves his class to its own devices, then the Little Magazines have usually a slight lead. But before the proponents of the Little Magazines begin rejoicing over this fact, they should recognize that the reasons for the lead are not all strictly literary. Two of them, indeed, are highly practical.

Everybody knows that the undergraduate's time sense is like no other. What happens before graduation looms enormous in his eyes. What is to happen afterwards is overshadowed to the point of invisibility. Even the most imaginative undergraduate can scarcely picture himself collecting Tarkington's checks in the earlier period; a Little Magazine, on the other hand, bombarded by manuscripts, may yield an acceptance and almost certainly will yield a letter or two of friendly comment from the editor. And in college as in Carmel, local reputation may be built on the polite rejection.

As for the second of the practical reasons, it, too, is related to time. Between midnight and breakfast, it is possible to produce a "John" story—cross-section, stream of consciousness, what you will—and lay it, all neatly typed, on the instructor's desk at class time. It is not possible to produce a story of cemented incident, no matter how badly cemented, within the same period. The breakfast bell finds you still struggling with how to get the hero from there to here. When the definitive history of writing classes does finally appear, both the *Post* and the Little Magazines will require a good deal of treatment, but the history will not be definitive if it leave out of account either of that pair of powerful directives.

But after these and other extraneous urges have been written off, it remains true that the visible influences in student fiction are influences ultra-modern. An undergraduate may devour Hardy, soak up George Moore, and yet scarcely a hint of either appear in his stories. What contemporary experimenter has caught his fancy is usually as plain to see as though the titles were typed in his margins. And when an instructor, with a dozen stories in front of him, has read the first three, he knows not only what three members of his class have been reading but what eight out of the remaining nine have been. Student writers are invariably gregarious. A new-found literary enthusiasm runs through a group of them like influenza.

Minor epidemics occur continually, but to date there seem to have been but four major ones—O. Henry, Conrad, Katherine Mansfield, Hemingway. Merely listing the names goes a long way towards showing what kind of writing produces imitation—as also what kind does not. In the years just before the war, as many literary minded undergraduates were reading H. G. Wells as O. Henry. Certainly Wells was more discussed among them. Yet neither Wells's forthright English nor his fantastic imagination produced any appreciable crop of Wellsian stories, while that student was but a poor thing who could not bring forth a passable O. Henry tale, all but the final paragraph.



CORRIDOR INSIDE QUADRANGLE, LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Conrad is one of the few writers to have seized on student imagination and to have held it from Atlantic to Pacific by virtue of a single story. His earliest fiction drew almost no attention; "Youth" had not reached its second printing before two undergraduate writers out of three were going down to the sea in ships and trailing tripled adjectives on the un-English side of their nouns, "—the night, dark, sullen, silent," "—the wave, curved, gleaming, green." The instructor who did not learn early to nip out subject and predicate from the sentences of a Conrad enthusiast and so get on with the story was likely to find himself still reading in the small hours. The essence of Conrad—his unfrightened fatalism, his abstinence from pity—passed younger writers by. It was the roll of his sentences for which they loved him.

This was not the case with Katherine Mansfield nor yet with Hemingway, two writers who, far apart though they were, had effects curiously similar. The mannerisms of both were potent, of course. Shake any manuscript over the table the year after "The Killers" appeared, and the extra "he said's" rattled down like dice. Do the same to the story of some one just finishing "The Garden Party," and you had on your hands a basketful of stray metaphors. But with both Mansfield and Hemingway, attitude towards life was even more contagious than was manner. When, in however different accents, these two announced, "Life is brutal, faithless, bitter at the core," the announcement woke an instant undergraduate response. Life is always bitter to the undergraduate—somebody else's life—and never more so than it was in the overprosperous '20's. After "Miss Brill" came spinsters innumerable, sitting on park benches, staring out of *pension* windows, hurrying home to make a piteous celebration out of the extra currant in the bun. After "The Killers," stories contemptuous of human life swept into fashion—and are in fashion still.

So far, no writer later than Hemingway has established an influence even to be compared with him. Individual stories—"A Telephone Call," "Good Wednesday," "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze"—have attracted their groups of admirers, but the effects have been short lived. For symmetry, and in justification of earlier literary experience, Hemingway's successor should be an exponent of the ordinary, an upholder of the more comfortable verities, but it would take a reckless prophet to declare that he will be. With the first of the "Home Place" stories a year or two ago, many college instructors must have looked up expectant, for the required contrasts were abundantly there. But though the first story excited some attention, the later ones did not, and the displacer of Hemingway is still to come.

Undergraduates have, of course, no monopoly on imitation. Everybody who writes imitates. In college classes, the imitations are merely picked out more easily than elsewhere because, like the members of Mrs. Ballanger's club, collegians necessarily pursue culture in bands. When they are not imitating, the writing of those with any modicum of talent is precisely like the writing of writers who are not in college. "Harvard Has a Homicide" may have produced a crop of tales with Harvard settings, but ordinarily out of a hundred college manuscripts passably

(*Continued on page* 16)

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A Middle Way for America

YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE. A Manual for "the Middle Classes." By Gilbert Seldes. New York: Whittlesey House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

"IT is not good for a nation," says Mr. Seldes, "to have a great deal of its thinking done by the victims of an economic disaster, especially when the rest of the thinking is being done by those who are deliberately out to take an unfair advantage of the system under which we live." As he explains, those who can operate a profitable racket can afford to pay the keenest thinkers in the country to do their thinking for them; those who are totally dispossessed have nothing to lose and every incentive to think bitterly and constantly. But the middle class—those who are most likely to read this book—have got the habit of reading detective stories while the exploiters and the exploited fight for control of the nation. Unless the middle class people can wake up and take their own part, there is danger that they may find themselves squeezed out like the lost middle classes of Russia, Italy, and Germany.

Democracy is a fine, large word, useful in political oratory, but like patriotism it can easily become a refuge for scoundrels unless it is constantly interpreted in daily life so as to have a clear meaning. Only the middle class can interpret democracy, and only in those countries with a strong middle class has democracy been able to live through the storms of the past twenty years. This book is called "a manual for 'the middle classes.'" It is addressed to the twenty-seven million families in America that get less than $15,000 a year, especially to those who have enough to be above the line of desperation and are therefore tempted to relax and hope for the best.

As distinguished from the reactionary, who believes that communist agitators should be shot, and the radical, who would like to "liquidate" the bourgeoisie, Mr. Seldes says flatly that only the liberal, who can tolerate every extreme without adopting any extreme, is the true defender of democratic freedom. Only the liberal can find an ideal that does not require centralized private control of all industry on one hand or centralized public planning of all industry on the other. Middle class people, or, more accurately, people in the middle income brackets, are liberal by instinct and by economic interest, but if they fail to think for themselves they will be swept into support of reactionary or radical theories. At present, as Mr. Seldes puts it, "ninety per cent of the thinking is against the interests of ninety per cent of the American people."

"Your Money and Your Life" is stimulating rather than nourishing, for the author has wisely refrained from trying to explain the economic system in detail, and has contented himself with referring to the many other sources of information available. He is interested in one vital point—to wake up the reader to the necessity of understanding national problems and taking action toward their solution. The chapters on specific political and economic questions should be taken as illustrative examples, intended to leave the reader wanting more knowledge and especially to leave him more inclined to discuss national problems with his neighbors.

For example, Mr. Seldes emphasizes the fact that the consumer is the real employer of labor, the real arbiter of business prosperity, and the real source of strength to the middle class. He is in favor of expanding the middle class by large accretions from below, for every addition to the lowest incomes raises the level of all incomes and enlarges the number who are above the poverty line. "One thing the rich cannot afford," he says, "is the poverty of the poor." No one, in fact, can afford the poverty of the poor.

At the same time, Mr. Seldes is aware of the necessity of limiting the waste of natural resources, even though a proper national thrift may set bounds to the more extravagant dreams of the "age of plenty." There is a middle way between our present system of unbridled waste plus widespread poverty, and a temporary utopia of unbridled waste without poverty. Middle class common sense is the most probable instrument for finding that middle way.

It is refreshing to read such a book as this. The fact is, this reviewer, having had his deadline suddenly moved up by telegraph, had intended to do a good deal of skipping and found it couldn't be done. Liberalism, which is the core of American life, is coming back. We do not have to choose either fascism or communism, says Seldes, and there are many who will say the same.

David Cushman Coyle, author of "Brass Tacks" and "The Irrepressible Conflict" has just been awarded the first prize in the Harper's Magazine *contest for the best article on "The American Way." See page 19 for biographical note on Gilbert Seldes.*

Ethiopia to Spain

TWO WARS AND MORE TO COME. By Herbert L. Matthews. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. THOMSON

THE brilliant and daring correspondent of the *New York Times* has heartily enjoyed his "two wars," in Ethiopia and in Spain. He admits the horrors of modern battle, yet makes no bones about the thrill and pleasure which come to him. "War may be hell for everybody else," he writes, "but it is sometimes Heaven for a correspondent." Matthews has a natural relish for risk and danger, and this volume is in large part a story of personal adventure. His own experiences serve as the link in the book between the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and the war in Spain. But he argues that the two conflicts are joined in a more fundamental way. "Rome sets out to conquer a new Empire in Africa. To keep that Empire she must control the Mediterranean, but to do that she must have a dominating grip on the Balearics, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Spanish Peninsula. If that is to be accomplished Franco must win the Spanish Civil War, and since he cannot win it himself, Italy, with or without her ally Germany, must win it for him."

In Ethiopia Matthews was with the Italians. He was one of the two corre-

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS IN MADRID

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spondents chosen to accompany General Mariotti's flying column, south from Massawa across the torrid wastes of Dankalia and up to the plateau to Azbi. His gripping story of the battle of Ende Gorge, where the Ethiopians attempted to ambush the invading troops, deserves to rank high among *bona fide* thrillers. Marshal Badoglio's motorized drive from Dessye to Addis Ababa provided the other highlight of the African assignment. In ten days—half of which were spent in boosting three thousand trucks up a hastily improvised road to Termaber Pass—he covered 250 miles. After that the triumphal entry into the Ethiopian capital proved something of an anti-climax.

The almost picnic atmosphere which pervades the Ethiopian chronicle disappears when Matthews comes to Spain. He still has adventures—witness his wild ride under machine-gun and artillery fire to the Arganda Bridge, thus making clear that the insurgents had not cut Madrid's road to Valencia. But he presents the clearest, and despite evident partisanship, the most trustworthy picture of war on the Loyalist side, which has yet appeared in this country. His eyes are fixed mainly on the fighting and his references to politics, to war industry, and to conditions behind the lines are few and scant. The book spans the period from December 1936 until the Belchite offensive on the Aragon front in August and September. Two chapters are given to the March battle of Brihuega, when 30,000 to 40,000 Italians swept down toward Guadalajara in an attempt to cut off Madrid, and were finally driven back in a panic-stricken rout. Hailing the part played by the International Brigade, the author declares "the victory was not national but international: the anti-Fascists had defeated the Fascists—that was the chief significance of Brihuega."

Matthews attempts to give a detailed statement of the foreign aid received by both sides. In contrast with the International Brigade, whose maximum strength he puts at 15,000 to 20,000, he estimates the Italian "expeditionary army" to number between 100,000 and 150,000. His chapters on "The Internationals" and "The American Battalions" will prove of special interest to many. Russian assistance to the government has been of major importance, but he argues that outside assistance to the Loyalists is now declining in significance. The government is making rapid progress in replacing foreign personnel, in infantry, aviation, and staff.

Matthews does not seek to maintain a "plague on both your houses" attitude. In Ethiopia his sympathies were with the Italians. In Spain he stands with the Loyalists and against the Italian invaders. He writes as a partisan, but he does so frankly and openly.

See page 19 for biographical note on Herbert L. Matthews.

Nibbling at the Lion's Tail

THE DEFENSE OF THE EMPIRE. By Sir Norman Angell. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

WHATEVER the outcome of the present deterioration in international amity, at least one result can be predicted: future historians will devote many volumes in explanation of the puzzling reversals in British foreign policy. Why, they will ask, did Britain allow the League of Nations to fail at the very moment when it might have been most useful for safeguarding the Empire? Why did the Conservatives, traditionally devoted to imperialism, applaud Mussolini as he severed the imperial trade route? Why did the British Government jeopardize the historic balance of power by permitting Hitler to destroy the Locarno settlement and promote fascism in Spain? Perhaps the scholars of 2038 will comprehend these variations on the ancient theme of "muddling through."

NORMAN ANGELL

Sir Norman Angell anticipates posterity by seeking to clarify the mysterious contradictions so prevalent at Whitehall. Although marred by some careless writing and proofreading, the analysis contains much of the insight, humor, and idealism for which its author has long been famous. Employing what might be called an "emotional theory of history," Angell asserts that Britain's leading statesmen and publicists have been led by certain *ideés fixes* to act against their economic and political interests. Having prayed since 1920 for the downfall of the League of Nations, the ruling classes cheered its defeat in both the Manchurian and Ethiopian episodes, without realizing that paralysis at Geneva brought Japan and Italy athwart the lifelines of the British Empire. Communism likewise has so long been a hobgoblin of these men of property and patriotism that they have automatically favored every movement which might weaken the Soviet Union, even though under Stalin the world revolution has been indefinitely postponed. British capitalists, says Sir Norman Angell, have yet to discover that it is their anti-communist protégés—Mussolini, Hitler, Hirohito, and Franco—who are actually menacing their material and spiritual possessions. By straining at a communist gnat, they have swallowed a fascist camel.

The British Empire will not be safe from aggression, the author declares, until there exists a system of collective security backed by overwhelming force. If Germany had known in 1914 that aggression would create an invincible alliance including even the United States, the World War would not have occurred; if Germany and other states knew today that aggression would immediately provoke universal resistance, both peace and justice would be possible. Neither regional alliances nor rearmament can secure a British victory over the "have-not" countries, which have been encouraged to nibble in unison. German demands for revision of the Versailles Treaty, he agrees, must be impartially examined and generously met, but resort to war before or after a settlement of grievances must be confronted by community sanctions. Collective security and Empire security become identical.

The American reader will find much to praise in this astute appraisal of British motives and persuasive argument for bolder policy, but will probably take exception to the introductory presentation of the British Empire as the epitome of altruistic internationalism. By limiting his discussion to the Dominions, independent of England except for sentimental ties, Sir Norman Angell omits the vast congeries of dependent colonies, territories, and mandates, and overlooks the restrictions which the closed door, tariffs, and the Ottawa preferences impose upon international trade. By never looking at the Empire from the outside, he never really appreciates the German case. Although his criticism of the past is praiseworthy, his recommendations for the future require amplification before those outside the Empire will be disposed to coöperate.

James F. Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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Boyhood in Wales

THE WOODEN SPOON. By Wyn Griffith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

WYN GRIFFITH'S story of his boyhood in a Welsh village is a marvel of much in little. The tale itself is slight and severely unadorned, but there are evocative half-strokes here and there, quick, suggestive phrases, emotions not mentioned but seen and sensed, all of which envelop the little story in a whole atmosphere of experience. It seems to be Griffith's unusual method of writing which gets that fresh, unstudied effect for him. For he goes at his story from two angles and takes us into his confidence as he goes. He is the writer looking back at his youth, and we sit at his side and hear him discuss his ideas aloud, what he means to write about, his anxiety to be unliterary and to approximate the raw truth of a boy's life; and suddenly we are beguiled into forgetting the artifices even as he disclaims them, and we are deep in the consciousness of this Welsh youth.

Certainly it is clear that Griffith's overweening modesty, perhaps the most sophisticated of devices, masks a confident, powerful expressiveness. Only a sure talent could say so little of poverty and yet make of it so real and poignant an element, or place the Welsh landscape, sea, sky, so immediately before us with scarcely a paragraph anywhere that is devoted to solid description. The boy himself, Ned, is as elemental a figure in the little Welsh world as one of the cattle he tends, or the earth itself. He, with his parents and the other farmers and seamen of the village, lives according to the simple, unthinking rituals that have come to them out of their long island history. The carving of the wooden spoon of betrothal, the theme which carries the book to its surprising finish, is only one of the many rituals and magics that appear, and there is a most beautiful tale of faith and evil, eleven pages long, that breaks into the narrative suddenly, toward the end, to give us a brief vision of the poetry of Wales. It matters little, with all of this, to note that Griffith does slip into some of the literary habits he fears, some worn phrasings, some obvious mannerisms. They cannot mar the essential freshness and vigor of his work.

Persian Wedding

THE WELL OF ARARAT. By Emmanuel Varandyan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

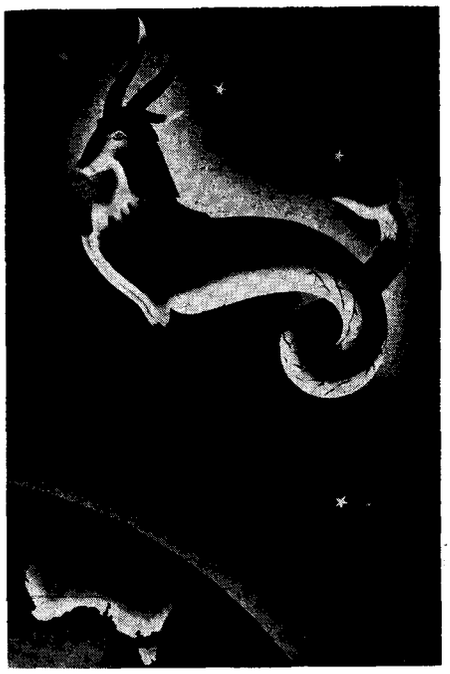
Reviewed by COURTLANDT CANBY

THIS is not really a novel. It is a highly colored, detailed painting of a wedding in a Persian-Armenian village of Northwestern Persia, a varied *genre* scene of a complex traditional ceremony entered into by the likable and genuinely depicted peasants of this village with all their souls and imaginations. The whole is seen simply and effectively through the eyes of a young boy, who conceives an adolescent passion for the beautiful bride. This thread of story, complicated by the bride's secret love for Aris, the best man, is held in slow suspense while the long wedding ceremonies, lasting many days, are painted in with a careful brush, with a love for the mystical and the poetic in the old traditions that is truly Persian. The wedding out of the way, the author releases the plot to a sudden and harrowing climax of the duel of willow whips between Aris and the bridegroom in the night. The scene is overwhelming, but on second thought one wonders if the end has not been too sudden and violent after the slow-moving body of the book.

EMMANUEL VARANDYAN

For the description of the wedding (which fills most of the book) as a beautifully told study of ceremony is perfect, but as a part of a story, of a novel, it is in too much detail for modern readers; the action moves too slowly. Yet personally, I would not like to see a word cut out of it. The author's style is unaffected and simple, and his descriptive powers quite equal to the most complex scene before him.

There is something in the book that raises it above a mere *genre* scene, and that is the quietly insistent emphasis on the modern innovations which were filtering into this and other villages from Russia in the days just before the war. The young men all want to be revolutionists, the old men are troubled by the slow violation of the ancient traditions which rule their lives. In this gradual seeping in of change may be read the whole history of modern Persia and of the East. It is this which keeps the book from seeming too exotic, too unreal.



From the jacket of "Under Capricorn."

Drama Down Under

UNDER CAPRICORN. By Helen Simpson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE inlet on the coast of New South Wales called Botany Bay is famous in song and story for the first establishment there of the English penal settlement, but at the end of the eighteenth century the settlement was removed from its shores to near the site of Sydney. Miss Simpson, who is a fourth generation Australian, has seized upon this historical background with relish, and written a rattling good romance of the time, beginning with the arrival of a new English Governor in 1831. With Sir Richard Bourke comes his debonair and reckless young cousin, Charles Adair, to seek his fortune in a new land. In the home of the astonishing Samson Flusky, Esq. he encounters a lost lady of mystery, plunged into dipsomania, the Lady Henrietta, who married a felon, now an Emancipist in this new strange world. In Flusky and Lady Henrietta Miss Simpson has created two characters that would have vastly appealed to Stevenson, and the young English hero is both dashing and appealing.

At the start, the author speaks of her "highly-coloured, improbable, and yet simple story." That is accurate, but as a graphic romance in a strange setting, "Under Capricorn" is better than the general run. The hot and crowded streets of the new and difficult colony swarm with strange life. The private affairs of the chief characters furnish plenty of suspense. The book has atmosphere and verve, and fully acquaints one with the drama of early Sydney.

See page 19 for biographical note on Helen Simpson.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Report on Photography

COUNTING on the assent of the congregation, the editor intends to let the world spin on toward destruction *without comment this week.* Even an editor is sometimes entitled to what William James called a moral holiday, and besides it is time to report on photographic publishing.

There has always been a heavy production of books on the theory and practice of photography, its esthetics, its chemistry and physics, its general procedures and special applications. The amazing spread of photography as a hobby during the last few years has doubled or tripled the output. As a class, these books are standardized and repetitious to an extreme, dreadfully dull, and almost useless. A beginner can learn something from the simplest of them and an expert can learn much from the most advanced and experimental, but the average amateur who knows how to load a camera, produce a printable negative, and print it can learn little or nothing. The treatises on esthetics are all screaming nonsense; the practical books all say the same things and most of what they say is either unsound or irrelevant to the amateur's interests. He keeps on buying them because he *is* an amateur—because his hobby is his love. And the books are bad because very little about any skilled craft can be put into print.

The amateur's hope is that he may learn to make photographs like Steichen's or Bourke-White's, or at least like a newspaper staff photographer's. He won't, and especially he won't by means of books. Manufacturers of cameras and equipment pack pamphlets of instructions with their products. One who has mastered those pamphlets can ignore ninety-eight per cent of the literature of his hobby. Skill comes from practice, from taking pictures, developing them, printing them, and studying the mistakes. There is no substitute for practice and very little theory or generalization that can supplement it. A few afternoons in the field with a skilled photographer and a few evenings in the darkroom with him will teach the amateur more than he can get from the whole literature, but no matter how much he associates with experts he can become one only by laboriously and painfully practising the craft itself. He will not take as good pictures as a newspaper photographer until he has spent a comparable effort on the job.

In recent years the development of the miniature camera has made the experience of the amateur even more disheartening. The miniature, or in one of the ugliest coinages of recent years the "minicam," is an instrument of scientific precision, designed and machined as accurately as laboratory apparatus. It is the hardest of all cameras to use, not only to use well but even to use for casual snapshots. Only an expert can do satisfactory work with it, but it is compact and portable (except when tricked out with the expensive gadgets that can be affixed to it), it has produced the spectacular vulgarity called candid photography, and it has the novelty and snob appeal that produce fads. Consequently people who would think twice before buying a microtome for a pencil sharpener or a Rolls-Royce for a beach wagon have, by thousands, bought minature cameras for work that they could do much better with dollar brownies. The resulting frustration is enormous.

To ease the frustration and to capitalize on the fad, a new department of photographic literature has developed. There are scores of books on the minature camera—how to operate it, what excellent pictures experts can make with it, what ingenious uses it can be put to. Few of them are worth anything to anyone; fewer still are worth anything to the beginner or to the amateur who has already developed a moderate degree of skill. For the latter, practically the only useful book on the miniature camera in print is the "Leica Manual" (Morgan & Lester; $4), a third and revised edition of which has recently appeared. It covers the whole field of miniature photography, including such advanced specialties as ophthalmological research, and is packed full with practical directions, clear explanations, and immediately useful data. The new edition has been brought almost even with the rapid progress of technology—though some discussion of the new and very unorthodox fine-grain developers would have been helpful—and contains several new chapters, including a fascinating one by Anton Bauman on his professional methods, and one devoted to wild but disarming generalizations by Manuel Komroff. It is indispensable to the miniaturist, and first-rate wish-fulfillment literature as well. But it has one serious omission: it neglects to tell the reader how to make pictures as good as the hundreds it reproduces.

Until Mr. Richard L. Simon published his "Miniature Photography" (Simon & Schuster; $1.75) there was no book that could be recommended to the bewildered souls who were thinking of buying a miniature camera or the more bewildered souls who had recently bought one. Mr. Simon, an intelligent and skillful amateur, writes simply and concretely about the beginner's problems. He says everything that can be usefully said about them; the book is simple, clear, adequate, and sensible. He provides the essential information, points it up with what he has learned for himself, and resolutely avoids both the theory and the advanced practice of photography. It is the only book on the market that can be recommended to a novice.

The editor has only praise for Mr. Simon's book, but is disposed to raise a howl about his editorial monopoly. Lots of us hams would like to write books about photography, but few of us own publishing houses. In publishing his own book Mr. Simon is taking an unfair advantage of us and should be cited for *investigation, or possibly for boycott.* The editor, who has been able to use his position only to publish an occasional photograph of a literary person, has been a ham longer than Mr. Simon, takes just as dubious pictures, and is just as full of data, notions and experiences, and assorted manias and grievances. Open offer to the publishing profession: there is a man in this office who could be persuaded to write a book about photography.

The photographic press goes on expanding, and we hope to make a survey of it soon. *Life*, whose original formula called for equal parts of the decapitated Chinaman, the flogged Negro, the surgically explored peritoneum, and the rapidly slipping chemise, has decided to appeal to more normal and more intelligent minds. It now spends much more energy on the news and on a kind of visual journalistic investigation which becomes increasingly interesting as it becomes more expert. *Look* has also moderated the fine sensationalism and obscenity of its earliest issues, and has done some elementary but promising crusading. The blood-and-nakedness formula abandoned by the pioneers has been taken up by a dozen new accessories of the moving picture business, and by several vicious but probably ephemeral sheets which carry salacity and vicarious cruelty to a new high. The profits latent in scandal, horror, and obscenity are always large, but they involve a certain risk. If the money which supports these new ventures does not dry up as the business-index falls, various organizations will probably take action against them. This magazine is frequently asked whether it does not believe in any limitation whatever on the freedom of the press. It does not, but it intends to be busily occupied elsewhere when the censors get to work on the keyhole magazines.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Some for the Glory" and "The Third Hour"*

Protest

SIR:—Two recent reviews in the *SRL* were so inadequate that I want to protest. Louis Zara's "Some for the Glory" is not equal to his other remarkable stories. The suggestion of your reviewer, Mr. Dinneen, that Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hawks be humanized is a good one; the book lacks the emotional quality that Mr. Zara's previous books have. But granting that, "Some for the Glory" does not deserve the drubbing given it by Mr. Dinneen. That it is shrewd, clever, and often very amusing, the reviewer never hints. I suppose there is no Michael Hawks in American politics but rather believe there is something like him although Mr. Dinneen says there is nothing like him and does not think there ever will be.

Mr. Maxwell's review of "The Third Hour," by Geoffrey Household, completely ignores that this is a novel of ideas. (And it seems to me much more exciting than H. G. Wells's novels of ideas.) Mr. Maxwell does not mention that on almost every page is something provocative of thought. The characters may not be created with the genius that makes them flesh and blood, but they had conversations that I found fascinating even when not agreeing with all they said. Not only the excitement of the story but the excitement of the ideas kept me awake past my usual bedtime for several nights.

I believe that these two books were written not only for eminent authors such as Mr. Dinneen and Mr. Maxwell but for ordinary readers such as I represent. If these ordinary readers see the reviews in the *SRL* before they have read the books, they are crazy if they want to read these books. But I am glad that I did not miss these stories; glad that I have not been deprived of the great pleasure that I had reading them.

LAURA ALTON.

Keokuk, Iowa.

Take Your Time

SIR:—Your subscribers are all wrong in boasting of the short time they take to do a Kingsley puzzle. They are of the type who would toss off a Napoleon brandy in one swallow.

Mrs. Kingsley's Double-Crostics are the best and grandest puzzles in the world. But they are for enjoyment, not for speed tests. Who could get the delicious flavor of her clever definitions, the scope of her widespread erudition, the varied flowers of literature she presents or reminds us of, if he is working with one eye on the clock? Such puzzlists lose all the beauty and charm of Mrs. Kingsley's great genius and turn a fascinating pleasure into a rush order.

Me, I spin them out as long as possible, I begrudge a word quickly found, and I frequently pause to gloat over the quick-witted references.

If necessary, I would match my speed against anyone, for I am a very rapid puzzle-worker. But I should not enjoy the rush. And, too, time is not a fair contest.

"MOTHER IS SO OLD-FASHIONED. SHE WAS TERRIBLY SHOCKED AT THE PART ABOUT BUNDLING."

It is Thursday and my paper, dated January 8, has just come. I turn first, of course, to the Kingsley page. I have fun ahead of me. Only an hour or two perhaps, but as I shall go slowly, tasting and appreciating the literary flavor of the whole thing, and with no glances at the clock, I may spin it out till lunch time.

All glory to Elizabeth S. Kingsley and her Double-Crostics.

CAROLYN WELLS.

New York City.

"Manassas"

SIR:—Was it by accident or deliberation that Mr. DeVoto omitted from his survey of Civil War fiction the only American novel of the Civil War which is thoroughly in the genre of "The Red Badge of Courage"? I refer to Upton Sinclair's "Manassas" (1904). As much a reconstruction of the mind of the private soldier under fire as is Crane's more famous masterpiece of nine years earlier, it gives the lie to all the superficial critics who keep parroting the statement that Sinclair can write only propaganda and is nothing but a clever journalist.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

"Manassas" is a good novel—nowhere near so good as Crane's but good. Its omission from the article signifies no slight to the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. If our correspondent will refer to the article again she will see that it deliberately skipped the period to which "Manassas" belongs in order to discuss in some detail the novels it was primarily interested in.—Editor.

"Gone with the Wind"

SIR:—Before you close the case of "Gone with the Wind," may I submit for the consideration of Mr. Holmes Alexander the testimony of one who simply could not read the book? I tried to. I like fiction. I am reasonably intelligent. And I am not easily discouraged by length. "Remembrance of Things Past" and "War and Peace" were adventures all too brief for me. But there is such a thing as good cinema and it is not necessarily the same thing as good reading. This is by no means to blame a chicken for not being a turkey, but it seems to distress Mr. Alexander to hear the fowl called chicken at all. There is much to be said for a good story even if it is nine-tenths hokum, and if we were living in the age of Scott when there was more leisure and no cinema, I should doubtless have read Margaret Mitchell with gratitude, when I was down with laryngitis. As it is the movies are my aspirin, and I am looking forward to a good time with Rhett and Scarlett in another few months. To provide such is no mean achievement and I respect Miss Mitchell for it. But I wish I had read your concise and accurate appraisal of the book before I had plodded through the first hundred pages.

LOUISE SANFORD PEARSON.

New York City.

Shout

SIR:—In a recent Trade Winds zephyr, a Q associate says he wishes more people had got excited about Davis's "The Anointed." So do I. It certainly was "subtle and penetrating." Too much so for the crowd, no doubt, but where were all the smart young literary folk? Too busy trying to be proletarian, I suppose. This satire, packed so full between the lines with what the author did not say, fits so neatly into the present-day sparse, lean temper that I am greatly surprised that so few persons got it.

I shout for "The Anointed" and for "Pity the Tyrant," two distinguished American novels for 1937.

M. D. BAILEY.

Wilmington, Del.

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Preface to Action

BELIEF AND ACTION. By Herbert Samuel. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.50.

CIVITAS DEI. By Lionel Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. *Three volumes: Vol. I,* $4.25; *Vol. II,* $3; *Vol. III,* $1.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE CATLIN

IN a recent book on England by Herr Kurt von Stutterheim the qualities of the native species, the British Islanders, are yet once more explained. Assuredly Herr von Stutterheim should have had these two volumes before him when he wrote. I wager that no other country would quite produce their like. Viscount Samuel, whom we better knew as Sir Herbert Samuel, late Leader of the Liberal Party, maintains the specifically British tradition, since Bacon and Bolingbroke, through Balfour and Haldane, of the statesman philosopher. Mr. Lionel Curtis's book is domestic stuff of a more unexpected plaid.

Lord Samuel does not (save in some valuable, technical appendices on, *e.g.,* Free Will) go far beyond the field already mapped out for us in Walter Lippmann's "Preface to Morals." His philosophy is eclectic. It impresses by its unaffectedness, clarity, overwhelming sincerity, and a kind of Confucian sagacity. There is no discussion here of the so-called fusion of theory and action; but in religion and morals, the writer is true to the genuine Anglo-Saxon tradition by asking unashamedly, "what works?" In the chapter, "Why Act Rightly?" the reply given is: For various reasons, of which the best is that one is well-bred. But why be well-bred? Under the caption "Action," Lord Samuel gives his answer. "Welfare is the aim, individual action is the means, and liberty is the condition." But peace is also the condition, at least of welfare—and Viscount Samuel, the politician, throws out the suggestion that the world needs a Legislature, instead of a Watch Committee over dead rights such as the League Council. And it needs the temper of "the sympathy of the whole," re-enforced by religion.

Mr. Curtis's is a much odder book—a very odd book indeed. It rambles around, over three volumes much concerned with the history of the Israelites and of the British, by way of a confession of faith, and a discussion of why Mr. Curtis does not believe in verbal Inspiration and the determination of morals by Revelation, across to a chapter called "Dominion Status." And yet, like some stage coach in country parts, in the long run Mr. Curtis gets, as it seems to me, further than Lord Samuel's political chapter. For one is tempted to ask Viscount Samuel: how are you to get this dynamic world legislature or this new "we-group" of Chinese and Peruvians? And Mr. Curtis gives a provisional answer, like that of the New York hostess confounded in Europe by the task of distinguishing the Netherlands from the Swedish Minister —"Why don't all you little nations join up?"

Mr. Curtis, co-founder of the *Round Table* and of Chatham House, gives an answer daring with the boldness of extreme simplicity. Why have status at all? It must be recalled that he is a responsible Englishman of weight. We must, he says, commence with small beginnings. Let New Zealand and Australia join up in one federal republic—perhaps with Britain. And Canada and the United States. (One recalls Lord Tweedsmuir's recent utterances.) So a beginning will be made by the English-speaking people to establish a federation which will end Britain as a sovereign entity. Like Washington with Virginia, so Mr. Curtis solemnly offers up the British Commonwealth to take the lead in fusion into a nobler—at least a wider—whole. It may be folly—but it is a distinctive folly which one cannot imagine being voiced from any of the totalitarian states, with their fierce barbarisms. It shows, despite all its Anglican full choral solemnity, that the Anglo-Saxon tradition, essentially federal, is still capable of striking off a creative idea. Why have separate states? Let Iceland join Scotland. (The Icelanders wouldn't mind.) Move the Dominion's Parliament down to Washington. Abolish Mr. Baldwin's monarchy and put a living culture in its place; make "subjects" into citizens. (Mr. Curtis, of course, does not say this.) Anglo-Saxony takes form, with Swede and Celt thrown in. Join the two halves of the Anglo-Saxon whole. A new federal Roman Empire arises. And where would Hitler be then, poor thing? Or Mussolini Cæsar? Why not? This book may be a folly, but one not only distinctive, but distinguished.

Mr. Catlin is the author of "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

Baby Giant

THE LADY AND THE PANDA. By Ruth Harkness. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THE Giant Panda was not a Panther, Mrs. Harkness had to explain to friends who sought to dissuade her from seeking the beast. It was one of the world's rarest large mammals, rather like a cross between a bear and a raccoon. Very few had even been seen in their remote habitat of Western China, only four had been shot, and none had been captured alive.

When Mrs. Harkness's husband died in Shanghai before he could obtain permission to enter the Panda country, she immediately gave up her dress designing business in New York and set off to fulfill his mission. She was totally unequipped, neither a scientist nor an expert explorer. Traveling by *wha-gar,* a sort of rude sedan chair, and later by wheelbarrow when their drug-crazed coolies had deserted them, sleeping in hovels, eating peanut candy for breakfast, circumventing brigands, she and her guide—a twenty-year-old Chinese boy—arrived at last in the narrow Panda country bordering the mountains of Tibet.

They had hoped with luck to capture an adult animal of some three hundred pounds, but with even better luck they stumbled upon a three-weeks'-old baby. Zoölogists would likely have despaired of bringing it back alive. Mrs. Harkness treated it exactly as one would a human orphan of similar age. She fed it dried milk, swathed it in diapers, and at night when it was restless took it into bed with her. It is now thriving at the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago.

This is a pleasant book that Mrs. Harkness has written, a gracious book reflecting modesty and humor and charm, Panda-rare qualities in most adventurers.

Lotte Jacobi

THE LADY AND THE PANDA

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Small Talk of History

THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF PRINCESS LIEVEN TO PRINCE METTERNICH, 1820-1826. Edited by Peter Quennell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

PRINCESS LIEVEN was the wife of the Russian Ambassador at the court of George IV. She was beautiful, intelligent, and witty, and she had a passion for politics and diplomacy which did not find its full outlet in the career of her husband. She enjoyed playing the game on her own, and she had opportunities such as come to few women. In 1818 she had met Prince Metternich who was then at the height of his power. For a brief period they were lovers; then the *liaison* continued on a strange half-passionate, half-political basis for some eight years thereafter. Regularly the Princess sent her informal and spicy reports on English affairs to the Chancellor in Vienna. She was in reality his unofficial agent in London, and her comments on the political situation were considerably more informative than those which reached Austria through official channels.

Her charm, her gayety, and, in particular, her talent for good listening brought her the friendship of the most influential statesmen. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Grey, Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, all seemed to enjoy a daily *tête-à-tête* with a lady who sympathized with and understood their political anxieties. The King himself and his brother, the Duke of York, were her intimate associates. What they confided to her filled note after note that went hastily off to Vienna. She reveled in the sense of power which this secret activity brought her; she saw herself as the manipulator of political destinies. Actually, her power was probably less than she supposed. Her relationship to Metternich was not unknown, and astute men like Castlereagh and Canning knew how to make the most of the chances she offered for reaching the Chancellor's private ear.

The originals of the letters she wrote to Metternich from 1820 to 1826 are apparently lost, but at some later date she copied out portions of them, arranged as in a journal. It is this compilation which has at last come to light and which Mr. Quennell has so ably translated. She quite obviously meant it to be published. The intimacies which must once have figured prominently in the letters have all disappeared, but enough remains of political gossip, of personal judgments on people and events, of racy narrative, to make it a most lively and entertaining document. Its pictures of the daily routine at George's Brighton Pavilion are a delicious addition to the small-talk of history.

The Beasts of the Flame

By HELEN HOYT

LIGHTLY and lithely through the umbrage of smoke
Glide the sinewy beasts of the flame: lions
With yellow tails lashing, manes tossed,
Nostrils searching the wind; undulant leopards,
Lean panthers of burning, their rippling pelts,
Their glistening flanks, gilded with a shining dew.

Muscles of lunging shoulders crash through the rustling woods,
Eyes phosphorescent glint from the depths of the shadow.
Amber and tawny their pointed heads as they pace,
Roused from smoke-drowsy lairs, restive with strength;
Sleek jaguars of langourous motion, swift pumas of burning;
Their bared teeth sharp with desire, their talons, adroit,
Grown cruel with long hunger of waiting!

Now let them wait no more!
Too long have the coils of the smoke, rock-caught,
Writhed in the choking hollows, dragging their black length
Torturously through secret nights;
Too long have the beasts of the flame lain hid in their furtive dens;
The gleaming fire-claws, the cusped teeth, too long have been sheathed!
Now let the tigers of restless desire rouse from their lairs,
Let all the lustful and desperate fiercely spring forth.
No longer go panting and famishing, furtive from ambush to ambush,
But stalking their prey in bright heat.
The woods be torn with claws, ravaged with insatiable jaws;
Flame be the prey of flame, the hunters and hunted,
Crying out with harsh throats of fire till all be devoured!

Pinchot

NEGLEY FARSON

Sequel

TRANSGRESSOR IN THE TROPICS. By Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

ONE would think that, having already been practically everywhere else, Mr. Farson had an adequate reason for the decision to turn himself loose on South America. The reason he gives in this book is that he was possessed by some inner urge to voyage thither and "set things right" with himself. Whether he succeeded, one never learns; it suffices that he had a call.

With this solemnity for a beginning, the book goes on to present Farson's South America, land of the supersensational. Lifted on the wings of hyperbole, the reader soars over most of the South American scene, viewing iron-handed dictators, bar-room brawls, steaming jungles, and those great Hollywood mountains, the Andes; but the effect of this height is to flatten out the landscape. Farson's own experiences, however, were so mildly supersensational that he has had to rely on hearsay for the main thrills. This is unfortunate, because it weakens the reader's confidence to hear the commonplace tall tales of the tropics repeated for fact, or with inadequate reservations. In addition, Mr. Farson's information is unreliable. This reviewer, who claims only a lay knowledge of the field, could reveal to him the great mystery of how the Jivaro head-hunters shrink the human heads that are offered for sale to the tourists; but he cannot account for the shrinkage of Trinidad by almost half of its length and four-fifths of its breadth between the "Encyclopædia Britannica's" figures and Mr. Farson's.

The many transgressions that may justify the title have to do with the English language—not, as might be supposed, with the moral code.

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Some Sidelights on Mary Wollstonecraft

FOUR NEW LETTERS OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND HELEN M. WILLIAMS. Edited by Benjamin P. Kurtz and Carrie C. Autrey. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS small volume consists of four not very long letters, three from Mary Wollstonecraft and one from Helen Maria Williams, addressed to their American friend Ruth Barlow, who was the wife of that curious Connecticut Yankee Joel Barlow, poet, financial adventurer, and, in his last and tragic phase, minister plenipotentiary to France. The letters were written in 1794 in the height of the Terror, and as they might not be immediately comprehensible to 1937, the editors have provided a clear and informative introduction and good brief notes. The result is a book which throws a great deal of light on aspects of the French Revolution, with which this reviewer, for one, was not perfectly familiar. The intimate daily concerns of slightly radical ladies, matters which must be dealt with irrespective of public events, the business affairs of their husbands or lovers, not excluding linen for Gilbert Imlay's shirts, all the conventional but forgotten background of the time when it was good to be alive, are set down in brief fortuitous strokes. We discover Mary Wollstonecraft doubly pregnant with a book and a baby. Helen Maria Williams is giving parties almost every night to forty or fifty people. Nevertheless she finds time to tell Mrs. Barlow that her carriage was blocked on her way to the Rue St. Honoré by the mob round the tumbrils that carried Danton, La Croix, Herault de Séchelles, and Camille Des Moulins to the Place of the Revolution. Helen Maria thought they seemed "indifferent to their fate," and further that "criminals" ought not to be executed so publicly. It is odd to consider that an English lady suffered no inconvenience except a détour at the moment when Danton was steeling himself to display no weakness.

If only for one reason this book was thoroughly well worth publishing. It exhibits in quite an astonishing way the interdependences, one might say the cross-references of the time. The authoress of the "Vindication of the Rights of Women," who was to die bearing the child of Godwin and the wife of Shelley, is on easy and intimate terms with the poet of the first American epic. So was the egregious Helen Maria, who for her part had been celebrated by Wordsworth in verses which superbly exemplify his profound capacity for bathos. The letters permit us to look for a moment into the mechanism of the time. We are aware of mighty workings. But there is nothing wholly unfamiliar to us in the spectacle of men and women who contemplate, with idle seriousness, the symptoms of impending change and who feel for that reason vaguely virtuous and a little in advance of their age.

It is too bad that we have not Ruth Barlow's side of the correspondence. She was clearly a nice girl, perhaps too nice to tell of the queer group of sentimentalists and swindlers who appear to have made up the Anglo-American colony of Revolutionary Paris. One wonders if she carried novel ideas home with her when she returned to the palace of art where Joel Barlow expatiated and conferred by the waters of Rock Creek. A woman who had known Mary Wollstonecraft in Paris of the Jacobins might have sown strange tares in Washington of the Federalists. But whether or no she came back with a gospel, she deserves well at our hands for glimpses however fleeting, on the one hand of a sentimental imbecile and on the other of a thoroughly noble woman. One cannot read the little relics of Mary Wollstonecraft without being troubled that a creature of such frank heart and powerful intellect should have been born to be deceived by a detestable scoundrel and married to a money-cadging prophet of perfectibility.

The editors are to be complimented for presenting so well documents, not of the first importance, perhaps, but full of the life of a time too like our own not to have interest for us.

Gayety and Tragedy

YOUNG CATHERINE. By E. M. Almedingen. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

MISS ALMEDINGEN'S book is a gay presentation of a grim and tragic history; and, by that token, a faithful echo of Great Catherine herself, in whose life gayety and tragedy were mingled as they have been mingled in few human lives. That is why her story has such a perennially romantic attraction.

Miss Almedingen's connection with the legend is itself a romantic story. She is descended from Russian ancestors who played a part in the events of Catherine's reign and, in particular, witnessed the revolution of 1762 which placed her on the throne. The details of the happening were a household legend in the home where the author grew up. It is quite natural that she should have made this the climax of her story of Catherine when the time came for her to write it. "Young Catherine" ends with the ascension of the Empress to the throne in 1762.

One should not look for strait-laced accuracy in a historical novel. Yet one is tempted to do so in this notable instance. The facts are so amazing that any touching-up seems only to tone them down. Miss Almedingen makes Figgy of Alhalt's first lover, not her uncle as he actually was, but her cousin. The whole affair is by this change turned into a rather conventional first love instead of the first note in a long symphonic tragedy which was to recur again and again throughout the ensuing years. Miss Almedingen casts the heroine of the novel in the delicate mold of a mother with one child. The buxom fact that she had five children—three up to the point where the novel leaves her—is the much more startling reality. Fiction apparently must arrange that Stanislas Poniatovsky was Catherine's one great love; but Catherine says that she loved all her lovers—or almost all of them—not even excluding the very ordinary father of Emperor Paul. Yet all such losses in strangeness of fact are compensated for in the novel by the fresh light of a personal imagination overflooding the familiar figures with new and lifelike hues.

FROM THE JACKET OF "YOUNG CATHERINE"

The background of European politics which is inseparable from any life of Catherine the Great receives its due importance in the story. The map of Europe of 1745 was as shifting an arrangement of lines and boundaries as is the map of today. Miss Almedingen has her picture of its loyalties, chicaneries, criss-crossings, and double-crossings well in hand. Her treatment of Chancellor Bestuzheff, the first great pro-Russian politician of Russia, showing his gradual change from an implacable enemy of the young German Princess to a friend and ally of the completely Russified Catherine, is a fine glimpse of history. One sees how the nationalist dreams of this forgotten statesman influenced the dreams of young Catherine and prepared the way for the state policies of Catherine the Great.

Katharine Anthony is the author of a life of Catherine the Great.

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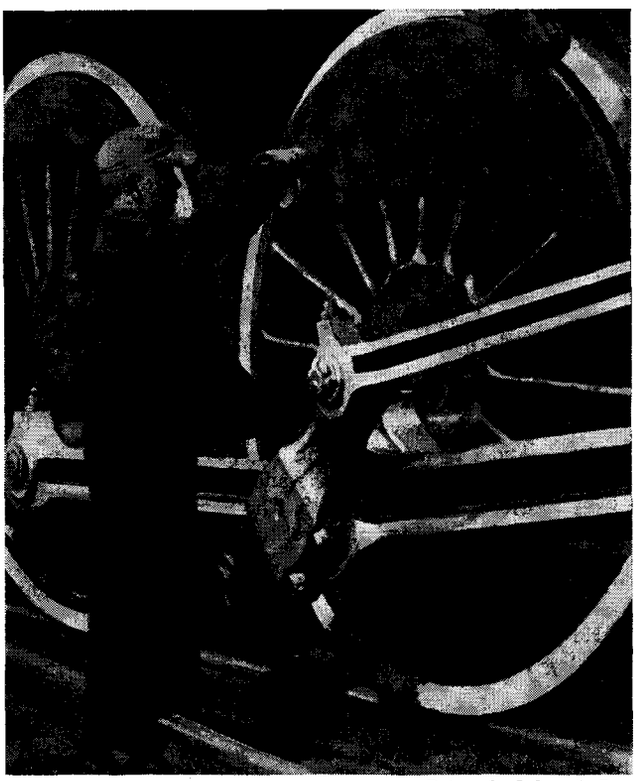
The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Ampersands

A GOOD motto for typographers: *Goudeamus igitur,* let's have it designed by Goudy. &&& We were distressed to hear of the failure of Mori's good old tavern on Bleecker Street. Probably more out-of-town booksellers had been dined and danced there than anywhere else in Manhattan. &&& Joe Miller, for whom the Jest Book was named, died 200 years ago this year. Has anyone ever seen the book itself? It's probably terrible. Its publisher was appropriately named Mottley. &&& This is, someone has already remarked, the Sherlock Holmes season. It is exactly 50 years since readers first found him in print; and the very date we write this (Jan. 6) was astrologically computed by the Baker Street Irregulars as the great detective's birthday. We are the more pleased, therefore, to find announced (Black Cat Press, 4940 Winthrop Ave., Chicago) a book by Walter Klinefelter, *Ex Libris A. Conan Doyle.* It is said to be a study of the genesis and growth of the Holmes idea as reflected in the other writings of Dr. Doyle. &&& In the canon of the Baker Street Irregulars, of course, Conan Doyle has no existence and is never mentioned: their own compilation of essays on Holmes-Watson will some day, it is hoped, be forthcoming; set entirely in Baskerville. &&& The greatest number of misprints we have discovered in any book this winter is, strangely enough, in a technical volume of bibliography and bibliophily designed for collectors and paramours of print: we wonder whether this unidentified reproach will tweak the eye of the publisher (in Boston).

&&& One of the blessed events of 1937, not yet recorded except in the maritime papers, was when the Moran Boys (of the Moran Towing Company, often celebrated here) waited for the shipbuilders' nurse to come from the delivery yard at Beaumont, Texas, with the thrilling announcement "It's a Diesel." &&& The new Moran babies, *Eugenia M.* and *Elizabeth W.,* are both Diesel-driven, and smart to look upon though we miss the familiar M-funnel. *Eugenia,* on her swaddling trip and even before turned over to her parents in New York actually pulled off a liner that had gone aground in a gale on Mullet Reef Shoal, off Tampa. &&& Nothing makes better reading than the annual newspaper summaries of financial conditions and business prospects. Whatever we're in just now (the latest phrase is a *mid-cycle reaction*) the Greeks probably had a word for it too; and the Assyrians and the Phoenicians and the Aztecs. &&& The philosophical Dutch (said a New Year wireless from Amsterdam to the N. Y. *Times*) "hold that Americans are always inclined to exaggeration, either indulging in boom psychology or plunging into crisis mentality." &&& We wrote a whole book one time on the quality of hysteria which makes America interesting and the ideal country for the philosophical observer. &&& The U.S.A. is the land of extremes, you can even see it in our national anthem, which has ups and downs that no voice (except Schumann-Heink's) could ever compass. &&& The newspapers were very wise to play down (in small inside stories) that A. P. dispatch from a scientific meeting in Buffalo. Dr. McCollum of Johns Hopkins announced that Mother Love is a function of manganese in the system. &&& This would have been a severe shock to the song-writers of America. &&& The old gray mothers, the Mother Machrees, Were all just chloride of manganese. &&& Rummaging some old papers we rediscover what we still think one of the most amusing advertisements we ever saw. In 1920 the manufacturers of Rameses Underwear, in Leicester, England, offered £100 to the inventor of the best advertising phrase for said garments. But the prize was to go only to someone wearing Rameses. The ad (in the *Daily Mail*) said:—"To ensure the Prize going to an actual wearer of Rameses, a representative of the Makers will call without notice on the sender of the best phrase to make sure that he or she is actually wearing some trade-marked Rameses Underwear." &&& This seems a promising idea for a one-act play. &&& Speaking of garments, it appears that we were wrong in supposing original our idea of having slip-cases for cherished books made out of old association coats, hats, shirts, pantaloons &c. We learn from a Keats collector that Wordsworth's copy of the famous 1817 *Poems* (autographed to him by Keats) was put in a slip cover "of blue-gray printed muslin, made of one of Mrs. Wordsworth's cast-off gowns, according to a custom in the Wordsworth family." &&& Still speaking of garments, we recall that Colley Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* was translated into French as *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour.*



Peter A. Juley & Son

A. EDWARD NEWTON, *Engineer Extraordinary, Oiling the Journals of the Book Collecting Game. From a painting by A. Sheldon Pennoyer.*

Hamish Miles

We were grieved to learn of the death in Edinburgh, after long illness, of Hamish Miles, distinguished Scottish critic and man of letters. In the early days of the old *Literary Review* (out of which this *S. R. L.* emerged) our editors saw much of Mr. Miles, who studied the literary and social scene in New York for a number of months; we came to have warm affection and respect for his wit, judgment, and lovable charm. In his later capacity as adviser to a London publisher he had much influence on contemporary literature, and his rare command of French made him much sought as a translator from that language. André Maurois, for instance, would accept no other verbal ambassador. But he was a writer of remarkable gift in his own person: we always thought *The Oxford Circus* (John Lane, 1922) in which Miles collaborated with Raymond Mortimer, a satire more subtle and better sustained than Beerbohm's highly-regarded *Zuleika Dobson.* So far as we recall, *The Oxford Circus* was the first book to bear the prefatory note "None of the characters in this book is entirely imaginary." We shall never

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forget happy expeditions with Hamish, not only in New York but also in London and Paris; he was the only collector we have ever known of paintings done by the London pavement artists—not the actual paving-stones, but the weird oils and chalks they lean against the park-railings as their chef-d'œuvres. He had a particular relish for the humors of Manhattan, where he circulated in observant secrecy, quite unsuspected by any organ of publicity. Merely to have lived without getting into the papers, in these days of synoptic peepshowmanship, is a considerable triumph of artistic dexterity. Of his engaging and innocent humors many stories were told. When he was living in a rustic moated grange outside Oxford, one snowy night something went wrong with his primitive Ford flivver. He concluded that she was frozen (the idea of safeguard against frost would never conceivably occur to Hamish, even though he came from the Highlands) and he was actually discovered (just in time) under the engine thawing her out with a lighted candle. In a younger era of the Bowling Green, about anno 1922, he was a frequent contributor and collaborator under the cautious alias *The Laird of Cnocsualtach*. Much love and honor to his memory.

Footnote to Footner

I am able to add a footnote to Hulbert Footner's *New York, City of Cities*. He speaks (p. 40) of the mysterious old warehouse at De Peyster and South Streets which has puzzled many. "Nobody in the neighborhood," he says, "has ever seen a truck draw up before it, the door unlocked, or a shutter thrown back. Only God and the tax-collector know who owns it."

To these add B.C., who works there. He reports:—

"The old stone building at the corner of Depeyster Street and South Street was built sometime before the Revolution and was, according to the best authority, a prison about that time. Its history for the next fifty or seventy-five years is unknown. But at some time during this period it was gutted by a fire that completely destroyed the wooden floors and timbers but was unable to so much as mark the granite walls. About this time were installed two strange old vaults in the walls of the first floor. These have massive iron doors with hidden key holes which are exposed by touching springs carefully concealed in the fancy work on the surface of the doors. The keys are gigantic and ancient.

"In 1860 the building, along with other buildings in the block, was taken over by Acker & Co., the present occupants, and used by them to the present time as public warehouses. Today the old prison is filled with the finest and most expensive of Havana tobaccos brought in by the Ward Line steamers which dock across South Street. The buildings are humidified, which explains why the windows are kept closed, and fine tobacco will actually gain weight while stored there, an important consideration for merchants who sell by the pound. The locks on the doors are Federal Customs locks as most of the tobacco stored there is in bond.

"Havana tobacco is practically the only merchandise stored in the buildings though the cellars are sometimes filled with rum, also brought in by the Ward Line, or sponges and corks, commodities not ruined by the humidity. At the present time there is a quantity of Chinese liquor, imported by a Chinese truckman, the exact nature of which is a mystery to the warehouse workers. The buildings are leased by Acker & Co. from the Estate of Bradish Johnson, Inc."

Meditation on Commercial Cycles

When the Bookseller is Hard Up, the Collector hears about it—

When the Collector is Hard Up, the Author hears about it—

When the Author is Hard Up, the Publisher hears about it—

When the Publisher is Hard Up, the Printer hears about it—

When the Printer is Hard Up, the Typefounder hears about it—

But who hears about it when the Typefounder's Hard Up?

Or maybe it never happens?

Toward Solution

The world reveals itself as I grow old
And I by merely living come to know
A riper wisdom as the ancient foe
Closes upon my youth. The years unfold
With meanings new, yet hardly strange—
Behold
The happy dreamer wakened! Yet the
blow
Falls softly—unaware—almost as though,
Now I was old enough, I might be told.

Thus revelation dawns as time shrugs
past;
But disillusion comes not to defame
Old inadvertent faiths. Now at my door
Life whimsically smiles. No more harassed
By precepts that perplexed that earlier
game,
I pose my chalk and keep an honest score.

VINCENT STARRETT.

&&& Among many moving tributes to Don Marquis we specially like a letter from John D. Haney, who calls him: "American-fibred philosopher, Whitman on a gesso-surfaced panel, shrewder than Rogers and finer-grained than Twain, homely as the old well-bucket, leaking refreshment in every cranny." &&& Gesso, we learned from our favorite pangnostic Old Bill Benét, is the artist's word for gypsum; a sort of scholar-gypsum. &&& The Green's art-feature this week is kindly contributed by Mr. W. H. Winterrowd, book collector and railroad supply engineer. It is a photo of a painting by A. Sheldon Pennoyer and represents "A. Edward Newton, Engineer Extraordinary, Oiling the Journals of the Book Collecting Game." &&& Mr. Winterrowd owns the portrait and suggested the idea of it. He says: "For me to think of Newton as an engineer, and the book collecting game as a powerful locomotive, is natural because I am an engineer, an old railroad man, a locomotive designer and also a lover and collector of books. I like to think in terms of motive power."

Appalling Armada

THE VOYAGE OF FORGOTTEN MEN. By Frank Thiess. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

TSUSHIMA promises to end up the most discussed battle in naval history. It is already the best documented, with this peculiarity—that all the documents come from the losing side, for as Thiess notes, the Japanese sources are painstakingly mendacious. Yet this mass of documents is probably a good thing, for otherwise the story of the Baltic fleet that rode round the world to become the guinea-pig of that experiment in the effect of high-explosives would be incredible.

Consider—the ships were hurriedly knocked together by contractors so dishonest that they omitted four of the twelve inches of armor called for by the plans; so incompetent that their vessels hung three feet lower in the water than expected and could not communicate by wireless with others in plain sight. This fleet was manned by ignorant peasants who had never seen an ocean or a gun, officered by men who "after a few bottles did not care whether they lived or died," and fed on provisions so nauseous that even when dumped overboard they made the people sick by the odor. The appalling armada was sent round Africa and Asia without training, without bases, to fight in its own waters a marine that had already destroyed a stronger Russian squadron with no damage to itself.

We have heard all these things in the earlier accounts, but it turns out that those earlier accounts had axes to grind. Captain Semenoff was talking for the officer caste against the bureaucrats; Admiral Maltzahn for the technical experts against the tacticians; Novikoff-Proboy (the latest and till now the best) for the common seamen, "the grey martyrs" against a vast personification of evil in power which he called The Ruling Class.

Thiess breaks up these group patterns and demonstrates that individuals, though powerfully affected by common ideas, remain individuals; that the Ruling Class and all the other classes, though maybe giants, were blind giants tearing their own livers; that the tragedy of Tsushima was that no one in Russia could make national or even class interest coincide with overmastering individual interest. The book is thus by far the most complete analysis of the business.

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HOLT HOLT HOLT

Those Writing Courses

(*Continued from page 4*)

good, not more than five or six suggest in incident or setting that the writer has so much as matriculated. Out of a hundred hopelessly bad, the number is somewhat larger but still surprisingly small. Except under special pressures—an instructor insistently inquisitive, a campus-placed best-seller—college is not written about. Why it is not, nobody knows, though everybody can hazard guesses.

Nobody knows, either, why, among half a dozen seniors of equal promise and apparently equal freedom of choice, one goes on writing and five stop. Ability with words usually shows early; from any class the six or eight endowed with it can be picked out. The trouble is, a friendly observer invariably picks too many. Any instructor of experience has a list as long as his arm of ugly ducklings who halted just in the act of sprouting swan's feathers and halted for no discoverable reason.

That most ducklings will miss the transformation is, however, clear enough, for the number of student writers who continue to write—that is, who publish; there is no other proof—is singularly stable. Discarding fractions (and, with apologies, by way of a dangling modifier), from a class of twenty, there will usually be two who continue. From a class of thirty, there will also be two. But let the class be reduced to ten and the number of those who appear later in the Magazine Index pushes itself up to three. Writing is an individual process, in college or out. It thrives in classes small enough for sessions of friendly personal criticism.

The proportions just given hold, of course, only for undergraduate groups and only for groups where the instructor is actually forwarding writing, not using his class as a sounding board, whether for reminiscence or dogma. The number of those who did so use their classes used to be large. It seems to have grown less with the years, for little by little classes in imaginative writing, at first collegiate pariahs, have put on respectibility. As they put it on, they also relax their pretensions. Nobody claims any more—nobody inside the college—to teach everybody to write. Nobody claims that the few who go on to later writing would not have done so, with classes or without.

But even while pretensions decrease, and decrease almost to the vanishing point, class enrollments continue to mount. Why they do is no secret. Count out the "born" writers, count out pursuers of checks and pursuers of collegiate reputation, and you still have left the bulk of any class—young men and women who, by way of the admiring imitation, the analyzing of human action, the selection and reselection of phrases, which goes along with all writing, are for the first time learning really to read. When that definitive history spoken of earlier is finally written, it may be one of its weighty conclusions that among twentieth century collegians reading was saved from extinction by means of the writing class.

But though learning to read may be, in many cases, the real outcome of the writing class, learning to write is its purpose. It is making hardly enough of that purpose to pass it by with only the comment that undergraduate writing is like the writing—the amateur writing, good, bad, and indifferent—of people who are not undergraduates. The comment is true, but there are minor qualifications. Match a hundred student manuscripts against a hundred from maturer strugglers, and some of these qualifications come into view.

One of them is that, among the students, a larger number will have found their way into abnormal psychology. Characters not quite sane, or in the grasp of a single desire, a single unremitting fear—while these are by no means so frequent in undergraduate stories as, say, in the writings of Mr. Conrad Aiken, they still are more numerous than with the amateurs of the older group. More numerous, too, are stories which fail to make allowance for variation of mood in their imagined beings. "As far as I have risen in my delight"—the undergraduate can complete the line with his lips, it has not yet ground itself into his thoughts. Neither has he become as conscious as his elders of the attritions of time. Emotions, especially the painful emotions, stay put in his stories with an amazing steadiness.

There must once have been a time—so many people report it that it must have existed—when college writing turned monotonously in the direction of horror and dripping pathos. It does not do so now. Whether by way of the professor, the movie, or Mr. Mencken, it is common knowledge that colleges have become sophisticated. Now and then, of course, a particular piece of writing appears in one college or another which violently denies this general assertion, but these are like the "boners" picked from examination papers—excellent for titillating an audience but not highly useful as a measure of student ability. Every instructor has a few specimens of them stored in memory against the answering of dinner-party demands. ("The Tiger Woman" was one instructor's standby till it turned out its author had entered college on forged credentials, a marine escaped from a mental hospital.) These stored specimens, though, whether by marines or others and no matter how often exclaimed over, are not examples of what undergraduates write. Again like the "boners," they are examples of what, in all but the thousandth case, undergraduates do not write, proofs of the rule that undergraduate writing is just writing, the same kind we all grow gray over, that is done by undergraduates.

Edith Mirrielees is Associate Professor of English at Leland Stanford University.

England and the Elizabethan East

THE CRESCENT AND THE ROSE. Islam and England during the Renaissance. By Samuel C. Chew. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

IT is hard to understand how one has done without this charming and learned book, which plugs up some very large gaps in knowledge. The excellent immensity of Hakluyt and of Purchas, instead of clarifying, has perhaps assisted in obscuring the Elizabethan East; for where there is such plenty, the average man can but pick lightly, and the average man has turned (like Hakluyt himself) more to the western than the eastern voyages. It has been left for Mr. Chew to present the full story of the impact upon Renaissance Englishmen of the threefold Mohammedan world of Turkey, Persia, and Barbary. In eleven absorbing chapters he tells this story, roughly from 1453 till 1642, or, as he says, "from the downfall of the Byzantine Empire to the downfall of the older English drama." The two dates have probably not been coupled before, but they offer useful termini, and a that-way-accomplished historian could find plenty of Byzantine parallels in the decline and fall of the Caroline theatre.

The amount of reading that has gone into the book is prodigious, alike in travel histories, in state papers, and in the English poetry they illustrate, and this has been vivified by the author's no less enviable terrestrial travels in the lands described. Light is thrown upon Spenser, Bacon, and many other writers; but it is the drama to which Mr. Chew pays most attention, "for," as he says, "the drama is a fairly accurate reflection of the popular mind." About two hundred and thirty English plays (lost and extant) are woven into his narrative, and passages in some of the greatest of these receive important new elucidation. Future editors of Shakespeare will have to consider his hints concerning the man mentioned by the witch in "Macbeth," who was "to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tiger*," and the Venetian whom (as Othello tells) a malignant and a turban'd Turk beat "in Aleppo once." Commentators on the "Persian attire" of which King Lear speaks will have to mend their ways and their notes, as will those who annotate Ben Jonson's allusion to the "chiaus" in "The Alchemist"; and students of "Volpone" will find a most interesting suggestion about Sir Politick Wouldbe on page 269. There is a great deal more, both for the close and for the casual reader.

***Tucker Brooke** is a member of the department of English of Yale University, and a leading authority on Elizabethan literature and criticism.*

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Delightful "This delightful book might well have been called 'An Appreciation of Life', for in each one of the more than four hundred pages there are detailed suggestions as to the beauties and joys of simple, homely things."—CARL CROW, *author of "400 Million Customers," in The Saturday Review of Literature.*

- "It is against the will of God to eat delicate food hastily, to pass gorgeous views hurriedly, to express deep sentiments superficially, to pass a beautiful day steeped in food and drinks, and to enjoy your wealth steeped in luxuries," says Chang Ch'ao. p. 328

Refreshing "Read it from cover to cover, with a pencil in hand to mark those passages you would return to. You will feel as refreshed as if you'd had a free, happy holiday in the country."—*Providence Journal.*

- The essence of travel is to have no duties, no mail, no inquisitive neighbors, no receiving delegations, and no destination. A good traveler is one who does not know where he is going to, and a perfect traveler does not know where he came from. p. 332

Engagingly Frank "A unique book full of wisdom and of delicious wit, the rarest of literary bedfellows. Engaging frankness quickened with gayety."—*Chicago Tribune.*

- The three great American vices seem to be efficiency, punctuality and the desire for achievement and success. They are the things that make the Americans so unhappy and so nervous. p. 162

Full of Laughter "There is a great deal of laughter in this book. And through it there is appreciation of the importance of humor in keeping life sane and reasonable."—*New York Times Book Review.*

- The reason I don't trust Chinese surgeons is that I am afraid that when a Chinese surgeon cuts up my liver in search of a gall-stone, he may forget about the stone and put my liver in a frying pan. p. 47

Wise "Wise and witty and very informing . . . all about living. Charming accounts, often humorous, sometimes exquisite, and always backed by anecdotes and quotations, of what leisure means in China: the enjoyment of living, the enjoyment of nature, the enjoyment of travel and of culture."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY *in the Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

- Perhaps I don't understand economics, but economics does not understand me either . . . The sad thing about economics is that it is no science, if it stops at commodities and does not go beyond to human motives. p. 87

Witty "Witty, shrewd, fascinatingly readable. The distillation of age-old philosophies sharpened and spiced with the flavors of today . . . richly enjoyable, wise and suggestive."—*New York Times Book Review.*

- I find that those people who agree with me in believing in lying in bed as one of the greatest pleasures in life are the honest men, while those who do not believe in lying in bed are liars and actually lie a lot in the daytime . . . p. 202

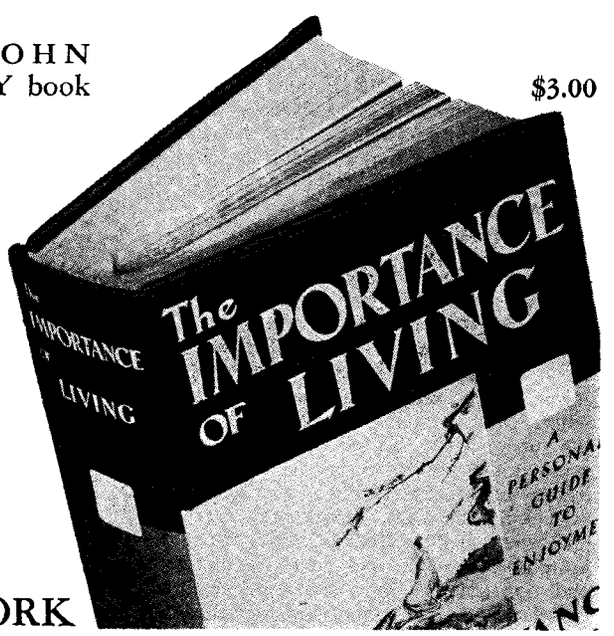
By LIN YUTANG

The Importance of Living

by the author of
MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE

a JOHN DAY book

$3.00



*ACTUAL FIGURES UP TO JANUARY 4, INCLUDING BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, INC. • NEW YORK

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Including the Scandinavian

Coöperation Among Swedish Authors

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

RIGHTS of translation frequently being sold here by foreign authors indicate that there is plenty of literary velvet in "including the Scandinavian." Today more American and English books, both translated and in the original, are read in Scandinavia than anywhere else in the world except their native lands.

But the rights which Scandinavian authors are beginning to stand up for are of greater moment still to all who live by the pen. Something, say the Swedes especially, must be done about the ruinous effect of library book loans on a writers' earnings.

An attack actually is being made here on a common problem which in most other nations has aroused only confused and angry mutterings. Since it is economic pressure which has forced action, it is best to survey the literary scene before describing steps taken and planned. This is a nation of readers, as are Denmark and Norway, for literacy rates are high. Long, dark winters, with electricity cheap, make reading one of the favorite indoor sports. The great Swedish publishing house of Bonnier's alone brings out from five hundred to six hundred titles a year, a list exceeded by only one American publisher—Macmillan. Translations of foreign works compose only a fourth or a fifth of that list. Bonnier's alone publishes twenty magazines. Some of the weeklies, detective, confessions, and household types, achieve circulations as high as 400,000. The big newspapers reach 100,000 to 150,000. The State annually appropriates $3,750,000 to purchase books for the public libraries. Sweden honors her famous authors, living and dead. The birthday of the eighteenth century poet Bellman is fervently celebrated, and the home of the aging Selma Lagerlöf is regarded as a national shrine.

In spite of all this reading and writing, authors are no longer cheerful when they turn, as they must, to arithmetic. Twenty thousand ordinarily is a big sale for a book and that puts it in the best seller class. The magazines' advertising revenue is not large, and rates paid contributors are low by our standards. Long delays in payment, omission of by-lines, and other abuses aggravate the author's lot. The stage, motion pictures, and radio are fields which only a few writers manage to cultivate profitably. Newspapermen may earn two hundred dollars a month or more if they survive a one-year apprenticeship, during which they must work for nothing. According to a conservative estimate by a well-informed editor, the average author cannot live on the income from his pen but must have some other job to make his bread and butter and do his writing on the side.

Looking for a fair return on their toil and talent, authors have inevitably turned jaundiced eyes on the heavily financed and patronized State libraries. To a population of six million they lend fifteen million books a year. The writing Swede does the same bit of figuring on library loans performed by scribes in other lands. In any language the result is discouraging. A two dollar book, perused by hundreds of readers before it wears out, nets its author a royalty of twenty cents, no more. The same applies of course to private lending libraries. There are still very few of them in Sweden (only seven or eight in Stockholm), but the Swedes have looked across the Atlantic and seen how the things can propagate. Somewhat exaggerated reports have caused further dismay here by the declaration that the only books the Americans buy are the best sellers; that all other books are rented or borrowed free.

Nowhere has the strength of union and the power of coöperative action been more notably demonstrated than in Sweden. It finally occurred to authors that such methods were worth using in coming to grips with the library question.

The Swedish Authors Society is headed by Dr. A. Hemming-Sjöberg, a biographer, a lawyer who is an expert on copyright, and an administrator of the tangled Kreuger estate. Under his presidency, the Society appealed directly to the King. Promptly Gustav V appointed an investigator. His report stated that since the lending of books considerably depreciates their sale, it becomes, when no payment is made, an expropriation of an author's rights. The report added that, particularly when an author's work is used for the education of the public, it is a matter of prime importance to the State, and in fairness the author should receive recompense therefor. (The present law allows the inclusion in textbooks of extracts up to thirty-two pages without fee to the author from whose book they are taken.) However, sections in the report intended as constructive were disappointing. The report's proposal that State libraries, which now withhold new books until three months after publication, extend the period to two or three years, would only play into the hands of private lending libraries.

That proposal has been amended by the Society to read that a library buying a book for lending purposes shall pay double its price, the additional sum to go to the author. Or that a small fee, based on a book's price, shall be paid the author each time his book is lent. Furthermore the Society seeks a more complete recognition of reprint rights as an author's property. It takes the position that an extract worth reprinting for any purpose deserves payment.

Swedes are realists, and the authors are well aware that the reforms they advocate are not easily to be accomplished. Yet they refuse to be diverted by such minor gestures as the annual State grant in the form of literary prize awards of five dollars, the same sum given poultry raisers. Neither are they any longer impressed by the argument that they ought to be willing to suffer for culture's sake when bookbinders, for instance, don't. Plans now are being vigorously pushed for the appointment of a joint committee from Sweden and the three other Scandinavian countries where agitation also is in progress.

If Scandinavian authors succeed in establishing their rights, furnishing an example to other nations, it will serve the cause of literature far more than the Nobel Prize.

Fairfax Downey is the author of numerous books and articles. His most recent work is "Portrait of an Era, as Drawn by C. D. Gibson."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Disillusioned English girl in Soviet Russia runs afoul of secret police and has terrible time leaving country.	Not much mystery, but suspense keeps at concert pitch, exotic characters abound, and intrigue runs riot.	Feverish
MYSTERY ON THE *QUEEN MARY* *Bruce Graeme* (Lippincott: $2.)	Unexplainable killing of Frenchman in London leads Stevens of C.I.D. and Allain of Sûreté across ocean.	Plot by the gallon, plus interesting picture of tricksters and travelers on giant liner, but with unsurprising solution.	Readable
BODY UNIDENTIFIED *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Two apparently unrelated crimes—a jewel robbery and murder—baffle Scotland Yard until Dr. Priestly forges connecting link.	Parallel solutions of corpse in tar barrel and vanished brilliants logically, painstakingly, and *eheu,* somewhat somniferously elucidated.	Good—but stodgy
THREE SAW THE MURDER *H. L. and E. P. Blair* (Spiller: $2.)	Girl strangled at lakeshore wild party. Man also garroted and young "sheriff" Ransom has chance to do his stuff.	Not uninteresting puzzle and some of characters are attractive, but amateurish writing takes edge off the story.	Below par

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Authors of the Week

Gilbert Seldes

The sagacious Gilbert Seldes has written many varieties of books and articles, is a critic of decided parts, and follows everything that goes on in the contemporary world with lively interest. He was born in Alliance, New Jersey in 1893, and educated at Central High School, Philadelphia, and at Harvard, where he took his degree in 1914. He was on the staff of the *Harvard Monthly* and active in the Harvard Dramatic Club. A play of his was produced by the club in 1926. During the War he was twice at the British Front as war correspondent. Then he served in the American Army in Southern camps. 1918 found him political correspondent in Washington for *L'Echo de Paris;* and from being associate editor of *Collier's* in 1919, he went to the esthetic *Dial* as chief cook and bottle-washer (managing editor) for a matter of three years. Meanwhile he contributed to the *New Republic.* For some fourteen years now he has been married to Alice Wadhams Hall of New York, and they have two children. Seldes became dramatic critic of the *Evening Graphic* in 1929, and has been columnist of the *New York Journal* since 1931. He has told us all about our stammering century, its movies and talkies and lively arts. He has predicted the future of drinking, written detective stories, translated and adapted that box-office success "Lysistrata" (assist: Aristophanes) and made the historical moving picture, "This is America." Now he is deep in television. He lives in New York, *in medias res,* and there is no knowing in what direction his talents will break out next. His brother, George, is a famous newspaper correspondent, author of "You Can't Print That!"

"Your Money and Your Life," by Gilbert Seldes, is reviewed on page 5.

Helen Simpson

This novelist can boast an equal mixture of Irish and French Revolutionary blood. Her French great great grandfather was President of the first Revolutionary Convention. Her Irish great great grandfather fought in the Napoleonic Wars, and was finally made Governor of Paxo, one of the Ionian Islands. As a child, Miss Simpson desired more than anything else to be able to play the flute. She finally took lessons from Mr. Harold Watts, whose only other pupil had been Robert Louis Stevenson.

Miss Simpson went to England in 1914, intending to study composition at the Paris Conservatory. When the War broke out she joined the Women's Royal Naval Service. As a linguist, she was of genuine service to the cipher department of the Admiralty. Even today her passports show her as seven years older than she really is, because at that time, when she was eighteen, she gave her age as twenty-five. She won two medals during the War, and in 1937 was awarded the Coronation medal.

At Oxford after the War she knew Margaret Kennedy, Aldous Huxley, Charles Morgan, Naomi Mitchison, Winifred Holtby, and others to be distinguished in literature. She was asked to leave Oxford because she had broken the rules of the university in participating in plays (mixed acting for undergraduates not allowed) in John Masefield's theatre at Boar's Hill. She bet someone that she could write a novel in three weeks and have it accepted by one of three leading English publishers. The result was "Acquittal," and she won the bet. Her husband is a children's surgeon in London, Denis Browne. Their one child, Clemence, is named after Clemence Dane with whom Miss Simpson collaborated on several novels. Miss Simpson has been round the world four times and has been to Australia by every possible route.

"Under Capricorn," by Helen Simpson, is reviewed on page 7.

Herbert L. Matthews

This brilliant war correspondent was born in New York City in 1900. Eighteen years later he entered Columbia University, left it very soon to serve as a private in the Tank Corps in the A. E. F., and returned to graduate a year later in the class of 1922. Almost immediately thereafter he joined the staff of the *New York Times* and soon became Cable Editor. He obtained a leave of absence from the *Times* to accept an Italian-American fellowship from Columbia which enabled him to spend a year in Rome, where he prepared a thesis on Dante. This period obviously accounts for his ability to speak Italian. He has always, however, been an exceptional linguist, and this has stood him in good stead in Spain as well as during the Italian campaign in Ethiopia. In 1925 he was selected with a small group of newspaper men to go to Japan and China at the expense of the Japanese government, the idea being to promote international amity. In 1928 he joined the Paris bureau of The New York *Times,* and remained there until he was called upon to cover the Ethiopian campaign. He was the only foreign correspondent to serve throughout that campaign on the Italian side, was praised for his courage by Italian officers—particularly when Mariotti's column was ambushed in the Danakil desert—and at the end of the campaign was awarded the war cross for valor in the field and cited by the Viceroy of Ethiopia. About eight years ago he married in Paris an English girl, to whom he refers in his book as Nancie, and they have two children: Fifi, six, and Eric, three. Matthews is modest and reticent about his personal life save as it is involved with world events.

"Two Wars and More to Come," by Herbert L. Matthews, is reviewed on page 5.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE CROSTIC (No. 198)

ARISTOPHANES:
"THE LYSISTRATA."

"Husband," I say, with a tender solicitude,
"Why have ye passed such a foolish decree?"
Vicious, moodily glaring askance at me,
"Stick to your spinning, my mistress," says he.
"War is the care and the business of men!"

ERRATUM

In last week's issue, a typographical error appeared in the Solution of Double-Crostic Number 197. The first line should have read, "Theorbos, violins, French horns, guitars," not "The oboes," etc.

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YALE

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The New Books

Biography

JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT. By Kenneth Collings. Dodd, Mead. 1938. $2.75.

If Mr. Collings, according to his Foreword, hopes to explain the distinctive machinery of an adventurer by this thick book, he has indifferently succeeded. His title comes closest to a personal explanation, plus his recurrent statement that he has lived dangerously because he has been afraid of fear. And because he loves life fervently. His book has wide, dull spaces in it where what he recalls as adventures seem little better than pranks or reckless clowning, as various a sequence of anti-climaxes as may be imagined. None the less he has lived more excitingly than most of us. As a boy in Honduras he sold hand-dyed and unrain-proofed underwear to the natives. He went to France with the First Marine Aviation Force, and at the end of the war was shifted to Haiti, to live among tarantulas and bandits, to be charged with murder, to fly his ambulance plane across the mountains with a patient precariously roped to a wing. Back in America he sold wild cat stocks unknowingly, barnstormed, taught aviation, and finally became the journalist sent by *Liberty* to cover the Ethiopian war. He predicted its outcome as early as October, 1935, when he realized that the majority of the Ethiopian and much of the Abyssinian population preferred the rule of Mussolini to that of Haile Selassie. Russia drew him next as a correspondent, then South America with its Trans-Andean Express. Then "just for the hell of it" he returned to Haiti, with half an active life behind him, and this diffuse recital of it done.

H. D.

LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE: Before the Revolution. By Nesta H. Webster. Putnams. 1937. $3.75.

Authors like Mrs. Webster, who are not afraid to throw their feelings into grand history, are a great help in making the sacred past accessible to profane readers. Mrs. Webster would probably decline the compliment expressed in the foregoing comment. She thinks of herself as one of the scholars, not as one of the modern popularizers of history. It is true that she reads French admirably and has pored over a vast quantity of French memoirs and documents for her book. But she never reads anything with an unprejudiced eye. Her mind is thoroughly made up on all the moot points in the lives of the French sovereigns, and no knotty problems have survived her vigorous and sure attack.

The author's view of character is just and humane on the whole, if not scientific. The truth of her interpretation rests on the rightness of her feelings. But it will not do to depend entirely on the feelings. For instance, the portraits of the King and Queen, of the Aunts, of La Fayette, of Necker, and of many of the others are carried out vividly and convincingly; but Mrs. Webster's method breaks down completely when the individual in question happens to be a Jew. Fortunately, there are few Jews in this particular picture, for, let one only enter upon the scene and her style immediately grows mysterious and suspicious. One who writes biography and history well should be able to go right on thinking even through the confusing presence of a Jew.

"Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette" is limited to the period in the lives of the King and Queen which began with their ascension to the throne and ended with the Assembly of Notables. A second volume, to carry them onward through the Revolution, is in preparation. Many readers of the first volume will without doubt await with interest these further lively chapters in the development of their history.

K. A.

Fiction

STARFORTH. By Lucille Papin Borden. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

In a previous novel, "White Hawthorn," Mrs. Borden told the tale of how Kenneth, the blue and silver knight, fell in love with Fiorenze, in the fourteenth century. He was the son of a king of England and the Maris of this story is born, as her mother dies, to be a vital part of the court of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary Tudor, and finally the great Elizabeth. Her first devotion is to Catharine of Aragon and Mary, her daughter. The scene is chiefly in England. Thorn Royal, the Yorkshire castle of the Starforths, and London and Windsor are several of the backgrounds. The mystery of the Starforth lineage, the dramatic episodes of the story, the picture it gives of the Tudor court and the English country of that time, the condensation of the novel, are all admirable. Its point of view is Roman Catholic, and hence the mirror is not held up to history in an absolutely impartial fashion. The book is also marred by sentimentality and melodrama in the method. A second-rate historical novel, written at times with skill.

L. C. H.

THE LATE COLONEL JUDD. By Dana Breed. Lippincott. 1938. $2.

Here is romance of a curious sort. Apparently the author's idea was to recreate befo'-de-War Southern glamour in—of all places—present-day Bangor, Maine. For this feat he chose as hero the aging heir to a timber baron's fortune. Chester Judd, veteran of the Spanish and World Wars, is a Northern colonel, suh. Unmarried, he has lived a lurid past, its chief item being the seduction of—not, of course, some poor white trash or a wench from the quarters, but—a farmer's daughter from over Tater Ridge way. What could be neater?

The wronged girl has died in childbirth, and Judd supposed the baby dead too; but the man whose girl he stole returns after eighteen years in prison (for shooting wardens who objected to his hunting out of season) to plague Judd by pinking him in the shoulder, to tell him his daughter lives, and to prove it by first producing her and then snatching her out of sight again. The poor old Colonel, dumb as they come but ever the father and gentleman, spends the rest of the book playing hide and seek and telling people his troubles.

But synthetic atmosphere is common enough; the really curious thing is the lack of love interest. There was the affair twenty years ago, of course, and there is a little fooling around late in the book by two minor characters (one of whom may be the daughter though we know darn well she isn't); but aside from that a father's consuming desire to find his never-seen Letty must carry the load. It is a heavy one.

This may seem mean, but the villain's name is Googins. Ye gods, but the Maine tide has sunk low.

K. P. K.

History

A HISTORY OF ARGENTINA. By Ricardo Levene. University of North Carolina Press. 1937. $4.

This is the first of a collection to be called "The Inter-American Historical Series," which will present to English readers the history of the Spanish and Portuguese American nations as interpreted by representative native historians. The idea is an excellent one, and the first volume of the venture promises well indeed for the execution of the project. The General Editor is James A. Robertson; in each case the volume devoted to a specific country or group of nations will be translated and edited by an American scholar, so that the inter-Americanism is at once practically established. Professor W. S. Robertson was an admirable choice for the inaugural book; his own contribution to the English version of Professor Levene's very popular history goes definitely beyond the impersonal labors of the translator. As for Levene's history, it makes simple reading; it is predominantly factual; it does not appear to aim at the cultivation of literary graces but rather at the presentation of a maximum of detail in a minimum of space. It is so written, however, as to lend itself equally to use as a text, to desultory reading, and to consultation as a work of reference. By this token it represents, on the whole, an excellent choice from among the available texts. The translation is smooth; the annotations by the translator add to the original value of the account. If the other volumes live up to the standards set by this one, the series will be, for students of inter-American culture, invaluable.

I. G.

LIFE ON THE ENGLISH MANOR. A STUDY OF PEASANT CONDITIONS, 1150-1400. By H. S. Bennett. Macmillan. 1937. $4.50.

This is a book to warm the heart and exercise the mind of every medievalist. It is not just another learned thesis, palatable only to the taste of the pundit deep in the pedantries of scholarship, but a vivid account of life as it was lived in hundreds of manorial villages, from the like of which sprang many of the pilgrims

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whom Chaucer sent on their way to Canterbury. It is the product of what must have been infinitely tedious exploring among thousands of ancient documents, each of which could yield only one or two isolated pertinent facts. And yet out of such laboriously gathered materials Mr. Bennett has built a book which is not only fascinating in itself but which provides the basic background for any approach to an understanding of medieval living conditions. No aspect of the peasant's daily routine is omitted: his house, his food, his clothes, his implements are authoritatively described; his religion, his social rights and duties, his amusements and sufferings are given detailed and intelligent attention; and his gradual rise to the freedom that destroyed the feudal system is instructively set forth. Yet all this is done, in spite of the vast body of intricate learning out of which such a study must be constructed, with complete simplicity and unobtrusive skill. Its scholarship, which is actually exhaustively patient, interferes not one whit with its open, positively exciting readability. How much that is obscure to the general reader in Chaucer, Piers Plowman, the ballads, and the miracle plays comes quickly to meaning in the light of this admirable interpretation! No student of literature, no lover of the medieval past should be without its modest assistance. In itself it has the quiet charm of unpretentious knowledge; as a bridge to an age not easily approached, it is of profound usefulness.

C. D. A.

Miscellaneous

WHAT MEN WILL DO FOR MONEY. By David Masters. Holt. 1937. $2.50.

Nobody ever discovered what became of the fifteen or twenty women Desiré Landru married, and he was executed because he could not bring forward any plausible theory of their disappearance. On the other hand it was perfectly clear what happened to about the same number of women who in the same manner fell into the clutches of Mudgett, alias Holmes; he had their skeletons articulated and sold them to medical schools as specimens, being anxious not to sacrifice any possible source of income from the raw material of his operations. Mr. Masters is the first of the fact-detective writers to deal with Mudgett, alias Holmes; also the first to inquire what happened to Señor Rosso's old masters and what caused the curious mortality among Mr. Machattie's horses, as well as various other matters. In investigating these cases he appears to have enjoyed an advantage denied to other writers in the field, that of access to the files of the big insurance companies; but it is, alas! almost the only advantage he has. The stories of thirteen cases presented here wander vaguely from point to pointlessness, missing every climax, and usually end up by dropping the reader with a thud into indignant comment over the obtuseness of some judge who decided a point against the underwriters. Someone also ought to enlighten him on procedure in American fire departments and to inform him that New York is not the capital of the United States.

F. P.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF JEWISH LITERATURE. Selected and Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.

Mr. Schwarz, after having, in "The Jewish Caravan," sought to portray his people through their tales, now attempts to suggest by a wider choice of material an autobiography of the Jews. The adjective Jewish is, of course, more inclusive than Yiddish or Hebrew would be; the editor solves the problem of selection by deciding, quite sensibly, that "Jewish literature is what Jews have written about themselves and their life in any language, as well as their creations, whatever the subject matter, in the Hebrew and the Yiddish tongues." Accordingly the volume, which runs beyond eight hundred pages, covers many countries and many ages. Unlike most such collections, it begins with our own day and land, and works back to the origins. It may seem to some that the section-headings ("Our Native Land," "Four Corners of the Earth," "Laughter Through Tears," and so on) are too journalistic; this is a minor matter, especially when the reader is confronted with the wealth of material assembled. Naturally, for so widely-ranging a people, and for such an inclusive definition of the word Jewish, far more space would be required to present a fully representative selection. Taken together with *The Jewish Caravan*, however, and with Mr. Schwarz's projected volume dealing with Jewish history and letters, "The Golden Treasury" forms a most worthy companion to such foreign collections as Edmond Fleg's "Jewish Anthology." The illustrations by Lionel S. Reiss are strong, dignified, poetic, and distinctive.

I. G.

ADVENTURERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Peter Wilding. Putnam's. 1937. $3.50.

The author of this book contends in his prologue that the eighteenth century should be known as the age of adventurers rather than as the age of reason, and in his epilogue he points out that the twentieth century is rather in the same case, with economic uncertainty widespread, finance in flux, and people grasping at any substitutes for the old time religion. When he mentions Ivar Kreuger, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and Stavisky, as against the John Law and Alexandre de Bonneval and Theodore de Neuhoff in this book, we cannot but be impressed.

Besides the Scotchman Law, the gambler and financier; de Bonneval, who changed Christianity for Mahometanism; and de Neuhoff, who became that fantastic King of Corsica; there are present in this gallery that other famous Scotsman, James Keith, the storied Giacomo Casanova, and the astounding Cagliostro whose real name was Giuseppe Balsamo. In other words we have before us financiers, warriors, those ambitious to be sovereigns or hold other positions of power, and at least one first-class magician. All of them fooled most of the people most of the time, and met a sad end. Except that most upright adventurer, James Keith, whom the great Frederick respected as a general, loved as a friend, and admired as a hero.

W. R. B.

Philosophy

REALITY AND VALUE. By A. Campbell Garnett. Yale University Press. 1937. $3.

Systems for the examination and verification of objective phenomena which do not attempt an accounting of the character and properties of the recording instrumentality are liable to return erroneous conclusions. "Reality and Value" is an attempt to actualize those capacities of the human being which enable him to exercise consciousness and will, to rationalize and to order behavior in relation to his circumstances. Even if the approach does compel a reappraisement of principles and factors that had to be vacated when the Natural Selection hypothesis became the law, Dr. Garnett's book is a step towards the extension of the scientific method to the field of philosophy. With astrophysicists turning to metaphysics surely it is time to rescue the subjective faculties from mysticism. Recognition of perception, cognition, and conation as definite functions of mind as an organ and thinking as a dynamic process would help towards that better understanding of the human constitution which is required for the relief of present-day confusions.

Dr. Garnett's contribution is both timely and direct. The approach is broad and fair; the controversy and its issues competently propounded. Perhaps he does return to the Absolute more directly than is legal under the modern code, but when one reflects that such states as the Good, the Beautiful, and the True which have meaning and reference in experience lack bearings under prevailing concepts, some track-jumping is excusable. However transformed, those old values, product of the best thinking of the past, must be rehabilitated intellectually. "Reality and Values" is a brave step in the right direction.

J. O'H. C.

Travel

AFRICAN GAMBLE. By Margaret Carson Hubbard. Putnams. 1937. $3.

Mrs. Hubbard's Africa is not the wild tangle, the hostile, reeking land that most travelers describe. It is a genial place, where one may work honestly among guileless people, as she had to do to support herself and two children. As she

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.o make a movie of the typical .n romance, "boy buys girl," with- faking it, her first problem was to find . likely girl and buy her for one of the porters—no easy job, particularly when the boy realized that this would be a proper marriage and that his wife must be one to last; the alimony laws of the Barotses were very strict. But Mrs. Hubbard managed it, with some assistance from a native witch doctor. There were curious talents among those simple folk. The stimulation of romance was doubtless mechanical, but clairvoyance was less easily explained. One man could handle scorpions as others do bees. One could roll scatheless on burning coals. There were curious sentiments, too, such as those of the lion tamer who wouldn't sell the lion that had eaten his son Willie, for he couldn't bear to part with the mausoleum.

Most readers will find a bright new Africa in Mrs. Hubbard's book. The pictorial sense that directed her photography is here expert in the presentation of all she enjoyed or feared during the "gamble" of the expedition. And she has portrayed, despite herself, a central character of wisdom and courage and charm.

H. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FEMALE TRAVELING COMPANION desires position for summer. References exchanged. Box 445-C.

WOMAN, 38, footloose, fancy-free, middle west, knows life through experience but still thinks it's fun, wants friendly correspondence, exchange ideas, opinions, perplexities, aspirations, with mature, intelligent people. No sheiks, no matrimony. Box 444-C.

AIR MAIL pilot wonders WHY after fourteen years building perfect record in U. S. and Latin American countries, with U. S. Dept. Commerce transport licence constantly in force, he is not contacting private party or organization who can PROFIT by using such ability and experience. Is it his age of 38 or because he has not met the right person? Box 443-C.

YOUNG MAN wants life, adventure! Exasperated with mere existence! Graduate architect, tall, good appearance, social, cultured, 29. Please write. Box 442-C.

KITTREDGE, once of Harvard, addressing an Indianapolis audience, denounced those who claimed that Bacon was "Shake-speare." Poor fellow! As well denounce as Confederate spies the gray-clad letter carriers, Foxy of "Kitty" to forget Edward DeVere. Leslie Hotson's "I, William Shakespeare" is the funniest book of 1937. The boy detective of Haverford now ranks with Grimm and Andersen as weaver of nonsense-tales. Leslie should prove that Will of Stratford wrote "Hamlet." That accomplished, judicious students will take him seriously. As it is he is but a joke. George Frisbee.

YOUNG WOMAN, French painter, seeks position teaching painting, French, experienced progressive schools, child psychology. Box 446-C.

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PERSONALS

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NEW YORK BOUND? No flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter will appreciate the pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Newly furnished and decorated suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations, Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

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PERSONALS

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By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

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15-X	16-M	17-D		18-C	19-T	20-F	21-S	22-H	23-C	24-R		25-G		26-H	27-W	28-O
29-C	30-Q		31-J	32-N	33-C	34-M		35-V	36-K	37-I	38-F		39-U	40-J		41-S
42-F		43-G	44-I		45-M	46-E	47-S	48-U	49-J	50-X		51-F	52-G		53-D	54-R
55-E	56-N	57-W	58-P		59-I		60-H	61-Q	62-U	63-S	64-G	65-N		66-Q	67-L	68-B
69-D	70-R		71-B	72-G		73-S	74-T	75-A	76-O	77-I	78-X		79-J	80-M	81-B	
82-E	83-C	84-D	85-J	86-W	87-N		88-A	89-I	90-V	91-S	92-B	93-C	94-N	95-W	96-K	
97-O	98-E	99-V	100-K	101-I	102-S		103-B	104-L	105-F		106-W	107-D	108-U	109-V	110-A	
111-J	112-W	113-F		114-A	115-H	116-B	117-R		118-R	119-C	120-V	121-Q	122-S	123-H	124-G	
125-B	126-E	127-L		128-E		129-B	130-X	131-R		132-H	133-U	134-I	135-F		136-F	137-P
138-L		139-T	140-D	141-H	142-R	143-S	144-G	145-C		146-J	147-M		148-N	149-D	150-O	151-G
	152-B	153-A	154-J	155-M	156-F	157-R		158-I	159-T		160-C	161-Q	162-R	163-I	164-U	165-V
166-O		167-I	168-O	169-W		170-W	171-O	172-Q	173-B		174-F	175-W	176-S	177-N	178-Q	179-D
180-A		181-L	182-F		183-O	184-V	185-K									

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Slosh around.

B. Tough; dogged (comp.).

C. Lacking in manly strength.

D. Version; translation.

E. Bend; bow.

F. Wordsworthian English lake.

G. Bosom friend (2 wds.).

H. In name only.

I. Novel by Sabatini.

J. Back out (slang).

K. Contraction of a greeting (U. S. colloq.).

L. English satirical poet (1653-1683).

M. Nymph, wife of Paris.

N. Flexibly.

O. Surpassing (Lewis Carroll nonsense word).

P. Advanced in years.

Q. Tackle; gear.

R. Wagnerian hero.

S. Patron saint of travelers.

T. Afflicted with pain.

U. Stone Age implement.

V. Destruction.

W. Physically competent (comp.).

X. Machine for shaping.

WORDS

A.	110	88	75	114	180	153						
B.	129	125	92	81	152	68	103	71	173	116		
C.	14	33	160	93	18	119	29	83	145	23		
D.	17	107	179	9	149	53	84	140	69			
E.	128	126	82	55	98	46						
F.	113	105	20	51	42	6	38	174	136	135	182	156
G.	25	64	43	52	144	151	124	72				
H.	123	115	141	22	4	11	60	132	26			
I.	134	77	59	101	37	158	44	89	12	167	163	
J.	49	85	79	31	154	146	40	111				
K.	36	100	1	96	185							
L.	67	138	127	104	5	181						
M.	155	34	80	16	147	45						
N.	94	32	56	177	65	148	87					
O.	150	76	168	97	183	171	28	166				
P.	7	137	58									
Q.	161	61	121	66	178	172	30					
R.	24	162	157	70	142	118	54	117	131			
S.	73	13	91	122	176	63	143	47	41	102	21	
T.	19	139	74	159								
U.	164	48	133	108	39	62	2					
V.	165	184	35	120	99	90	109	8				
W.	112	10	86	95	106	27	170	175	57	169		
X.	15	130	50	78	3							

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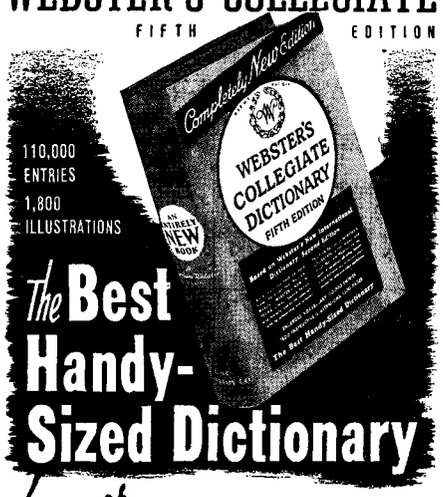

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OUR present civilization, if that's the name for it, involves a terrible lot of Paper Work. ☞So Old Q. was perpending as he meditated the form for Passenger Vehicle Registration and also the red-printed Urgent Notice accompanying the new Income Tax papers ☞With the horrid legend on the envelope OPEN AT ONCE. ☞They must have heard of the story of Joseph Conrad, who received an offer of knighthood in an official envelope marked *On H. M. Service.* Time went by and nothing happened. Finally the Prime Minister had to send a discreet messenger to inquire. ☞Conrad had not yet opened the envelope, supposing it the Income Tax. ☞Then, with a heart of compassion, we read the latest report of the Register of Copyrights in Washington, covering the fiscal year 1936-37. ☞The total number of books printed in the U. S. in that year, and registered for copyright, was 11,244. (This was about 500 less than 1935-36.) ☞Total number of pamphlets copyrighted, 29,147. ☞Musical compositions: 31,821. ☞Dramatic compositions: 7,176. ☞Lectures and sermons: 732. Grand total of registrations of material of all kinds: 154,424. ☞Among legislative matters, a bill was introduced last year (but had not been acted on within the period of this report) to restore to its author copyright in a song entitled *Rock-A-Bye Baby.* ☞This can scarcely be the old nursery tune of that name (we are humming it to ourself at this moment) but we are not going to bother with inquiries a man who has as much Paper Work as Mr. Clement L. Bouvé, the new Register of Copyrights. ☞He says in his report that when he entered upon the performance of his duties (August 1, 1936) he spent two months in a study of the situation and then instituted a reorganization of office methods. ☞The magnitude of the problems can be guessed (even by Old Q. who swoons with fatigue at the mere thought) from the fact that the card index of copyright entries since 1897 contains about nine million cards. ☞To establish a more modern filing system (continues the Report) Miss Eleanor I. Jones was engaged, who had charge of the filing of claims during arbitrations between the U. S. and Mexico and also of the N.R.A. files under General Hugh Johnson. ☞If we even knew enough about the matter we would write a poem in honor of Miss Jones. ☞Incidentally during the time covered by this report U. S. copyright was extended to the Virgin Islands.

☞We were pleased to note that in Sinclair Lewis's new novel his hero has somewhere picked up the romantic line—though he does not know where it comes from—*We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.* It becomes a sort of stimulating refrain to Fredk. Wm. Cornplow, automobile agency man—we only wish he had had a chance to learn the name of its author, James Elroy Flecker, a fine poet still too little known. ☞Occasionally, hastening into the subway at a rush hour, we see the sign TIMES SQ., which we read as The Times Are Skew. If we happen to be feeling sore about anything, we simply grunt: they certainly are. ☞Other times we just cackle with laughter. ☞Either way, we feel better.

☞The spring list of the Oxford University Press, American Branch (114 Fifth Avenue) is exceptionally interesting. The O.U.P. is getting more and more frolicsome in its catalogue descriptions: the preliminary come-on for *Skye High, The Record of a Tour Through Scotland in the Wake of Johnson and Boswell* (by Pearson and Kingsmill, announced for February) is irresistible, to our taste anyhow. Unless you have a strong Sales Resistance better keep away from this catalogue, it mentions at least half a dozen books one wishes to read at once. That's the kind of thing that continues to make publishing the best fun in the world and the book trade the only one really worth swinking for. ☞Old Q. has been having a grand time reading James Sutherland's biography of Defoe (Lippincott); among many exciting episodes of which we had no notion was Defoe's connection with a swindling enterprise in civet-cat farming. ☞Also the discovery (in 1860) of Defoe's old brick-yard in Tilbury. ☞Somehow, reading hastily, we got a laugh out of this sentence: "It is reassuring to learn that Defoe's pantiles were excellently made; they still retained a fine red colour, and were remarkably sonorous." ☞Reading it again, we discovered it had nothing to do with pantaloons. ☞Mr. Sutherland's book sent us back to Defoe's *Tour Through England & Wales* which is cheaply accessible in Everyman's Library. ☞To revert again to the Oxford catalogue, we are interested to see that it includes *The "Fortune" Survey of Public Opinion* which has "sampled the U. S. public by a controlled technique."

☞The Book-of-the-Month Club will sponsor a nightly broadcast over WQXR, beginning January 15. The programs will consist mainly of classical music, with a short talk each evening about an outstanding current book. The hour is 10 to 11 every evening except Saturday, when it will be from 9 to 10 o'clock. The speaker for the opening program, January 15, will be Christopher Morley; speakers on subsequent programs will include J. B. Priestley, Pearl S. Buck, Clifton Fadiman, John Chamberlain, Arthur Train, Eugene Lyons, and Lin Yutang. ☞At the same time Modern Age Books will inaugurate a weekly broadcast on Saturday at 9.30 P. M., over WABC. The programs will be 15 minutes in length, and each broadcast will dramatize three Modern Age publications. The first program will include "Kaltenborn Edits the News," Walter Duranty's "Babies Without Tails," and MacDuff's "Murder Strikes Three."

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